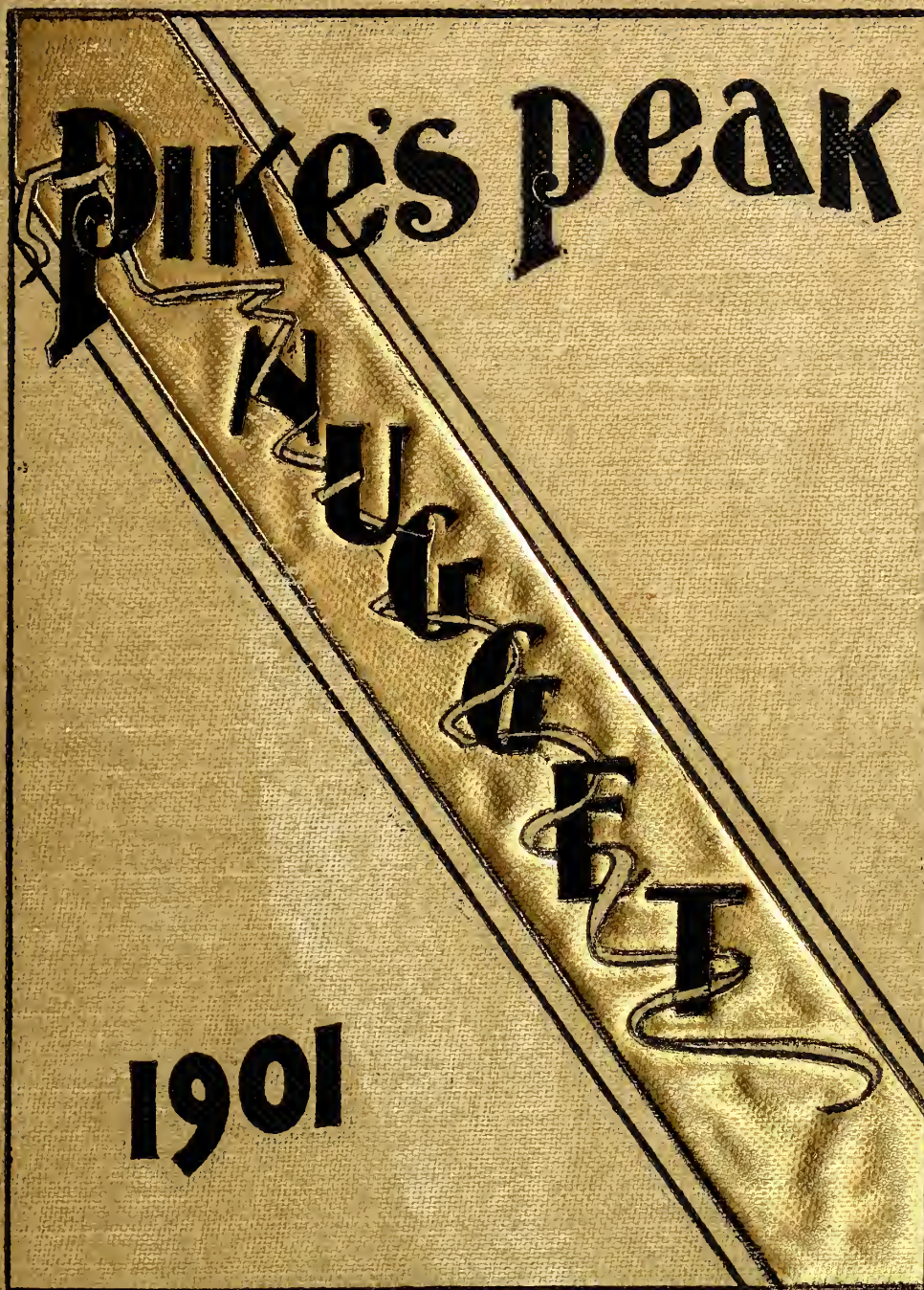


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"Our Mascot."

..THE..

PIKE'S PEAK NUGGET



Published by

THE JUNIOR CLASS

OF

COLORADO COLLEGE



1900



*To our beloved President,
WILLIAM FREDERICK SLOCUM,
who, by his precept and example, has taught us to love
truth, to seek wisdom, and to serve our fellowmen,
this volume is affectionately dedicated
by
The Junior Annual Board of 1900.*





WILLIAMSON AUSTIN DRIVER

Introduction



IN submitting to the public the first annual issued by any class in Colorado College, a few introductory words seem fitting. The purpose of the class of 1901 in publishing this book is to give an impulse to the life of the College which shall inspire every future class to follow our example. We have chosen as a name, which we hope the successive volumes will each bear, one which was, in our judgment, the best of many suggested by the student body; one appropriate to this region and to the locality, at the same time symbolic of the tiger colors, and expressive of the spirit which is characteristic of the College. We have tried to make this publication what a college annual should be—a record of the college life, representative of the students and containing a fair proportion of fun and fancy, yet not unmindful of the best literary standards.

So we respectfully submit to the students, the alumni, and the other friends of Colorado College, Volume I of *The Pike's Peak Nugget*. You may test it in the crucible of criticism, you may hoard it away like a miser, or you may make it an ornament for your table and exhibit it freely to your friends. Our labor will be repaid if you find it *true gold*.



Colorado College



Yell:

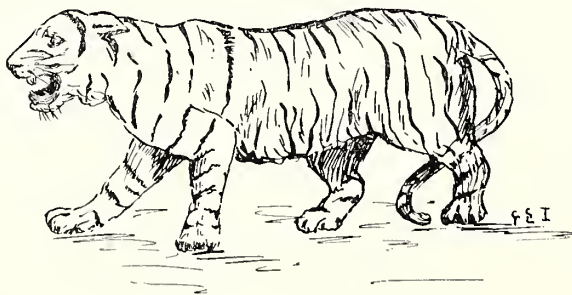
Pike's Peak or Bust! Pike's Peak or Bust!

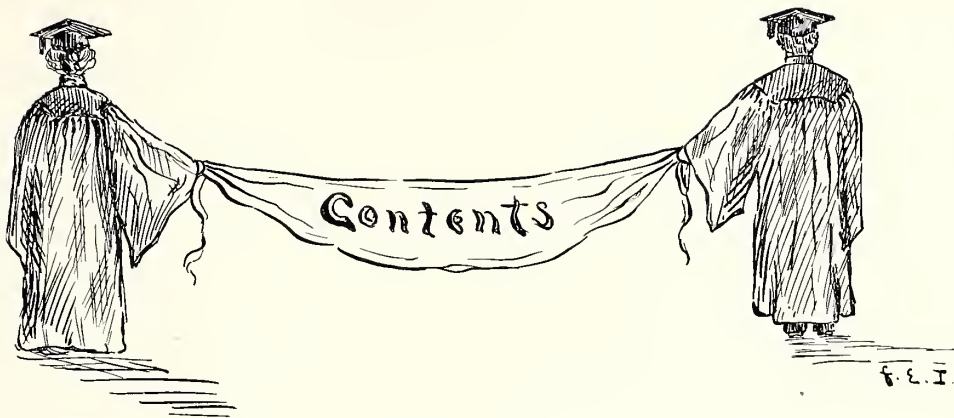
Colorado College!!! Yell we must!!!

Colors:

Black and Gold.

College Spirit:





Officers.

Classes.

Fine Arts.

Alumni.

Organizations.

Events.

Athletics.

Publications.

Literary.

Calendar.

Grinds.

Advertisements.

Historical



WHEN the City of Colorado Springs was laid out by the Colorado Springs Town Company, a plot of ground containing about fifty-six acres, then far to the north of the center of the city, but now surrounded by its best residences, was reserved for a college. In 1874 Colorado College was organized and the property passed into its hands. In the same year it was opened for students under the executive direction of Rev. Jonathan Edwards. He remained with it for only one year, and was succeeded by Rev. J. G. Dougherty, who was the first to receive the title of President. He in turn was succeeded, after one year, by Rev. E. P. Tenney, who occupied the office of President for nine years. During his term the first permanent building was constructed and named Palmer Hall in honor of Gen. W. J. Palmer, the President of the Colorado Springs Company, who has always been one of the most generous friends of the institution. In 1885 the office of president again became vacant and was not filled for three years. This was the darkest period in the history of the institution. Had it not been for the steadfastness and energy of a few persons who had the prophet's vision, the college would now be dead and forgotten. A vigorous campaign was begun in New England under the leadership of Prof. G. N. Marden; the money necessary to pay the debts of the institution was secured; and in 1888 Rev. William F. Slocum, then of Baltimore, was called to the presidency.

Since that time the progress of the college has been steady, and for the last few years, rapid. In 1888 the stone building now occupied as the President's residence was purchased. Hagerman Hall, for young men, was completed in 1889; Montgomery Hall, for young women, in 1891; the gym-

nasium, in 1891; the Coburn Library, the gift of the late N. P. Coburn, of Newton, Mass., and the Wolcott Observatory, in 1894; Ticknor Hall, for young women, in 1897, and the Perkins Fine Arts Building during the present college year. In the purchase, or the building, of these and one or two other smaller structures, about \$160,000 has been expended. In addition, about \$400,000 has been added to the endowment funds. About \$65,000 more is now in hand with which a Science and Administration Building is to be begun as soon as the architect's plans can be prepared.

This material growth has been paralleled by the internal development. In 1888, when President Slocum came, there were seven instructors, now there are thirty-five. Then there were twenty-five students in the college and the academy, and not one regular college student. Before the present year closes there will have been enrolled in all departments nearly five hundred. There will be granted this year thirty diplomas as against five in 1894 and eighteen last year. The class which is just completing its Freshman year numbers about sixty.

But the growth in numbers has not been more marked than the growth in college spirit. Five or six years ago there was a college here only in the sense that professors heard the recitations of students in college work. But all is now changed. Every class is organized, and class spirit and rivalry are a healthful influence. The college has taken a prominent place in inter-collegiate athletics during the last year, having won the State Championship in base-ball and foot-ball. Last spring it defeated the University of Nebraska in an intercollegiate debate. It has one of the finest glee-clubs in the West. There could not be found a college where the students are more loyal to their institution than are the students of Colorado College.

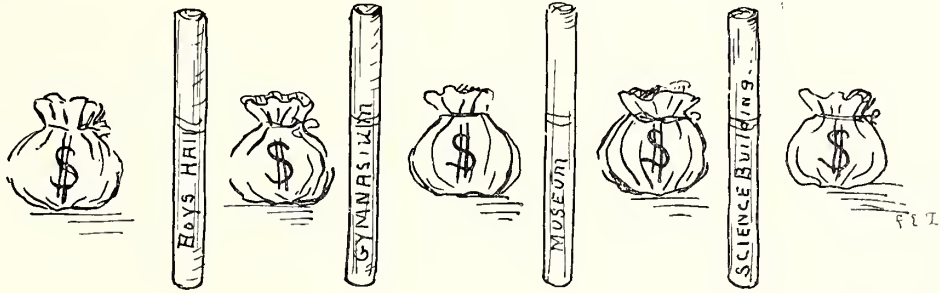
The college stands above all for the pre-eminence of the religious spirit. It seeks to see the meaning of life through the eyes of Christ, to judge all things by his standards, to infuse into all human relations his spirit. In the first circular issued by the institution were these words: "The character which is most desired for this college is that of thorough scholarship and fervent piety, each assisting the other, and neither ever offered as a compensation for the defects of the other." From the beginning, this has been the ambition of those who have directed its affairs, and it has always sought to accomplish this result without appealing to sectarianism. Members of the leading denominations are among its trustees and faculty. Hardly a denomination is unrepresented in its student body.

Every one of the past twelve years of the history of the college has been a marked advance upon its predecessor. The year which is just closing has been in all respects the best. Never before has it had such a sentiment of loyalty behind it in the city and in the State. Never before have so many

friends been ready to come to its help. It is easy to prophecy that in the next twelve years still greater progress will be made and the institution will become one of the large colleges of the country. May it never lose the standards, the aspirations, the spirit, which have given it such an individuality in these early years of its history!

EDWARD S. PARSONS.





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The Faculty.



LOUIS A. E. AHLERS, A. B.

Head Professor of Modern Languages and Literature.

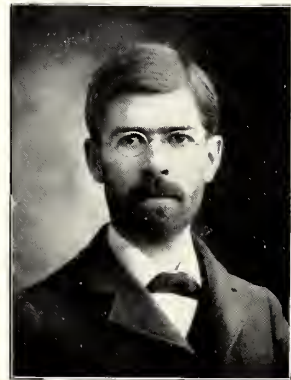


Louis A. E. Ahlers was born in the northern part of Germany, where he lived until seventeen years of age. He then came to the United States and studied mechanical engineering long enough to find out that this subject did not interest him sufficiently to be made his profession. For four years he led an interesting and adventurous life at sea, visiting the southern continents. On his return to America he entered Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., to prepare for his university course; this he took at Harvard (1890-93), but left at the end of his junior year to spend twelve months in study at the University of Berlin. Again returning to America, he received the B. A. degree from Harvard University and took a postgraduate course there during 1894-95. Since September, 1895, he has been Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Colorado College. As President of the College Athletic Association for the past three years he has been most influential, directly and indirectly, in bringing about the athletic victories. Each year Prof. Ahlers gives University Extension lectures on German, French and English literatures in Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo.

SAMUEL JACKSON BARNETT, A. B., Ph. D.

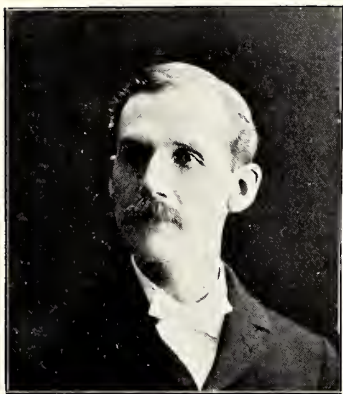
Professor of Physics.

Samuel Jackson Barnett was born in Kansas in 1873. In 1894 he took his A. B. degree from the University of Denver and became instructor in physics and biology in the same institution. The following year he studied at the University of Virginia. Here he was assistant in the astronomical observatory and instructor in astronomy. During 1896-1898 Mr. Barnett was Graduate Scholar, Fellow and Fellow-elect in Physics at Cornell, where he took his Ph. D. degree. Dr. Barnett has written a number of papers on electricity, which have been published in the *Physical Review*, *Electrician*, *Electrical Review*, and *Electrical World and Engineer*. For the past two years he has taught physics in Colorado College.



CHARLES BROOKOVER, M. S.

Professor of Biology.



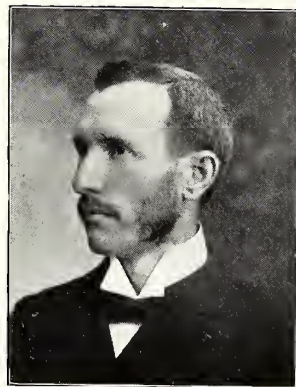
Prof. Brookover was born in southern Ohio, March 11, 1870. During the first eleven years of his life he was, to quote his own words, "a pumpkin"—that is, raised between the corn rows. He went through the common schools of Manchester, Ohio, and graduated from the High School of the same place in 1888. After his graduation he experimented in Pedagogy for one winter, after which he took a course in the National Normal University, Lebadon, Ohio, taking the degree of A. B. in 1890. He held various positions after that, being teacher of Science in 1890-1891 at Fountain College, Tennessee; Principal of Milton Academy, Tennessee, from 1891 to 1893, and instructor in Science in Southern Kansas Academy in 1894-1895. From 1895 to 1896 he was a scholar in Biology at the Ohio State University and instructor in Biology at the same place until the fall of 1898.

The Master's degree was conferred upon him in 1897 by the Ohio University, and in the fall of 1898 he became instructor in Biology, Botany and Zoology in Colorado College.

FLORIAN CAJORI, M. S., Ph. D.

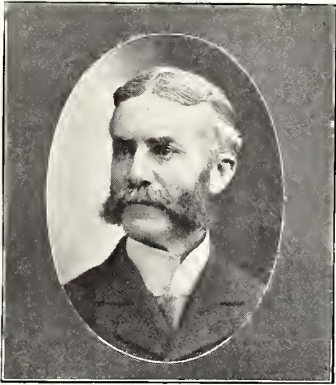
Head Professor of Mathematics.

Florian Cajori was born at St. Aignon, in the Canton of Goanbunden, Switzerland, in 1859. In 1875 he came to the United States, during 1876-1877 he attended the State Normal School in Whitewater, Wisconsin, and in 1878-1879 he taught school in Wisconsin. In 1883 he graduated from the Wisconsin University with the degree of B. S. After graduation, Mr. Cajori spent six months in Switzerland, and in 1884 he entered the John Hopkins University as a graduate student. In 1885 he accepted the position of Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Tulane University, and in 1887 he was made Professor of Applied Mathematics. In 1888 ill health compelled him to resign his position in the South and come to Colorado. During 1888-1889 he served on the United States Bureau of Education, and since then has taught in Colorado College. Prof. Cajori has published several books on Mathematics and Physics.



NATHAN BROWN COY, A. B.

Associate Professor of the Classical Languages and Literatures
and Principal of Cutler Academy.

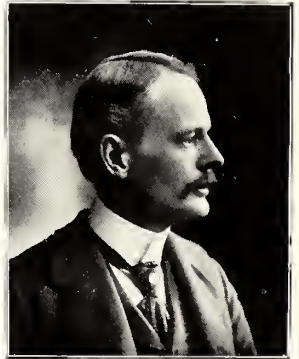


Nathan Brown Coy was born in Ithaca, New York, in 1847. He prepared for college at Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Mass., and, in 1870, took his A. B. degree at Yale. After graduation, Mr. Coy taught first in New Jersey and then in Connecticut, and in 1875 became the head of the Latin Department at Phillips Academy, Andover; but the next year he came to Colorado on account of poor health. For five years he taught classics in the East Denver High School, and in 1891 began his duties as State Superintendent of Public Instruction. At the same time, he was President of the State Teachers' Association and superintended with great success the Colorado Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair. For the last three years Mr. Coy has been connected with Colorado College.

FRANCIS W. CRAGIN, S. B.

Professor of Geology, Mineralogy and Paleontology.

Greenfield, New Hampshire, is the birth-place of Prof. Cragin, September 4th, 1858, being the date of his birth. In 1862 his parents removed to Wisconsin, and later, in his eleventh year, to Crawford County, Kansas. He prepared for college at Washburn from 1872 to 1875, and then studied four years at the Polytechnic Institute, of Brooklyn, after which he specialized in Natural History at Harvard in 1880-1881. The summer of 1881 he spent in the private biological laboratory of Agassiz, the only student in a group of several professors. In 1882 he received the degree of B. S. (*Magna Cum Laude*) at the Harvard Scientific School, and after that spent a summer in the Sausen College of Languages, at Amherst. He was called to the Chair of Natural History in Washburn in 1882, and filled that position until 1891, when he came to Colorado College.

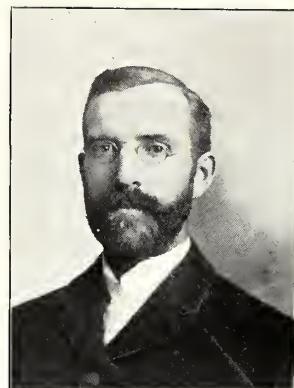


Since coming to Colorado College Prof. Cragin has filled the position of Assistant State Geologist, of Texas, and has taken the degree of Ph. D. at John Hopkins University; the former during a leave of absence from 1892 to 1894, and the latter in 1898-1899. While at Washburn he originated and prosecuted a biological survey of the State of Kansas, the first survey of its kind in the country. For six years—1890-1897—he was one of the editors and publishers of the *American Geologist*.

M. CLEMENT GILE, A. M.

Head Professor of Classical Languages and Literature.

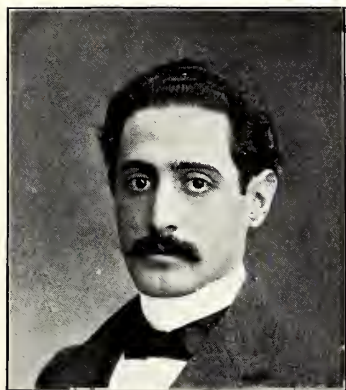
M. Clement Gile was born in Haverhill, Mass. He fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and graduated from Brown University in 1883. Mr. Gile then taught at Phillips Academy, and in 1886 took his M. A. degree from Brown. He spent the next two years abroad in study and travel and, on his return, resumed his former duties at Andover. Between 1892 and 1894 Mr. Gile held the Associate Professorship of Greek at the Chicago University on leave of absence in Colorado. Since that time he has been connected with Colorado College.



RUBIN GOLDMARK.

Director of the Conservatory.

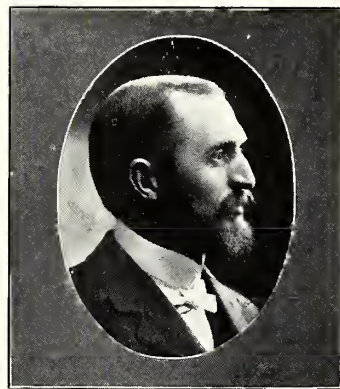
Rubin Goldmark was born in New York in 1872. He was educated at the College of the City of New York, and at the same time studied music under Mr. Alfred Von Livonius. He spent two years at Vienna in studying the pianoforte with Anton Door, and theory and composition with the Fuchs brothers. On his return to America Mr. Goldmark studied the pianoforte with Joseffy and composition with Dvorak. In 1894, on account of ill health, he came to Colorado Springs and is at present Director of the Colorado College Conservatory of Music. During the past winter Mr. Goldmark's overture to "Hiawatha" was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at all its concerts.



ELLSWORTH GAGE LANCASTER.

Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy.

Ellsworth Gage Lancaster was born in Dixfield, Maine. Until he entered Amherst College he attended the Augusta City schools. In 1885 he received his Bachelor's degree; in 1888, his Master's degree from Amherst, and in 1889, after studying a year at Andover, he was made B. D. During the next two years Dr. Lancaster was Pastor of the Congregational Church at Ashby, Massachusetts. In 1890, having taught various branches of study previously at Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Massachusetts, and at Morgan Park, Illinois, he accepted the position of Principal of the Southern Kansas Academy, Eureka, Kansas. He taught there for five years, then spent two years in Clark University, first as University Scholar, then as University



Fellow in Psychology, and obtained the degree of Ph. D. in 1897. In September of the same year he came to Colorado College, where he has been ever since, the Assistant Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy.

MABEL RUTH LOOMIS, A. B.

Dean of Women

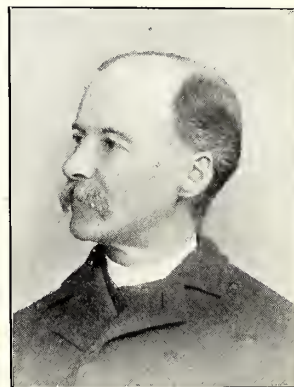


Miss Ruth Loomis was born in North Manchester, Connecticut, and spent the years of her school life in Poughkeepsie, New York, where she took the preparatory course for Vassar College. In 1885 she received an A. B. degree from that college and two years after was made instructor in English in the same institution; this position she held for nine years. In 1891 Miss Loomis spent four months in France, taking lectures at both the Sorbonne, in Paris, and L'Ecole Normale Supérieure, at Sevres, with the view of studying the methods of the French in teaching composition. She came to Colorado College in 1896, and since 1897 has been Dean of Women in this institution.

GEORGE N. MARDEN.

Treasurer of the College.

George N. Marden was born in Concord, New Hampshire, March 18, 1836. He studied at first under Dr. Cyrus Richards, at Meriden, New Hampshire, afterwards teaching for several years. For three years he studied Theology at Bangor, and in 1862 was ordained as a Congregational minister, taking as his first charge the church at Boxboro, Mass. For seven months he was agent in Virginia for the United States Christian Commission, and immediately after that went to Washington, D. C., where he labored in the cause of the freedmen. Later he was for five years pastor of the Old South Church, at Fannington, Maine. After he had resigned this position he traveled for a year in Europe, returning to America in 1876, and accepting the Pastorate of the Union Church, in South Weymouth. In 1881 he came to Colorado Springs, and became Professor of Political Economy and History.



Prof. Marden's life, in connection with Colorado College, has been a heroic one. A staunch and loyal friend of the college through all those years of adversity, he has been with it in despair as well as in prosperity. In 1884 he undertook to raise funds for the delinquent college, and by his own efforts has brought into the treasury since then over \$200,000. In the words of President Thwing, "He has brought forth life under the very ribs of death."

ATHERTON NOYES.

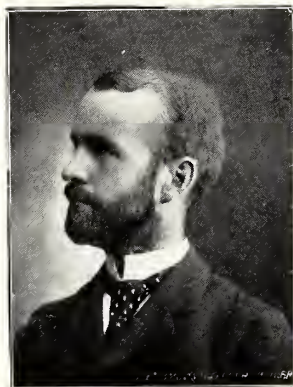
Dean of the Faculty, Instructor in English and Greek.

Dean Noyes was born in New York City in 1862. He prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, and graduated in the class of 1881. In the fall of that year he entered Yale, passing the classical course and receiving the degree of A. B. in 1885. The year following his graduation was spent in tutoring, and in the fall of 1886 he entered the Harvard Medical School. After a year's work there he removed to Colorado, and in 1892 became connected with Colorado College. Since that time he has been Dean of the Faculty.

EDWARD SMITH PARSONS, A. M., B. D.

Bemis Head Professor of English.

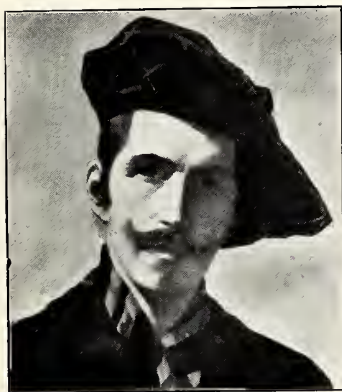
Edward Smith Parsons, by marriage second cousin, twice removed, to John Greenleaf Whittier, was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1863. He prepared for college at the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and in 1883, graduated from Amherst with the degree of A. B. For several months after graduation, Mr. Parsons studied at the Columbia School of Political Science and then entered his father's office. In 1886 he received his M. A. degree at Amherst, and 1887 he graduated from the Yale Divinity School with the degree of B. D. The next summer he supplied the Congregational Church, of Platteville, Colorado, and in the fall returned to the Yale Divinity School for a year of postgraduate work. For four years Mr. Parsons was pastor of the First Congregational Church, of Greeley, Colorado, but in 1892 resigned to accept the Professorship of English in Colorado College. He still holds this position, and is now Vice-President of the college.



LOUIS JEANNERET SOUTTER.

Director of the Department of Art and Design.

Louis J. Soutter is a native of Switzerland. He graduated from the University of Lousanne in 1890. He then became a student in the Royal Conservatory of Music, Brussels, under Eugene Ysaye, where he remained from 1892 to 1895. From 1895 to 1898 he studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts and Colarossi Atelier, Paris, and came to Colorado College in the fall of 1898. During the summer and fall of 1899 he was in Europe in the interests of the Art Department of Colorado College.



WILLIAM STRIEBY, A. M., E. M.

Professor of Chemistry and Metallurgy.

William Strieby was born in Ohio but moved to Syracuse, New York, in time to begin his education in the public schools of that city. His college preparatory course was completed in Newark, New Jersey, and he received his A. B. degree from the University of New York in 1875. He then took the regular course in the School of Mines of Columbia University and, in 1878, received the degree of E. M. from that institution. After taking his Master's degree from the University of New York, Prof. Strieby was induced to give up his intentions of engaging in iron manufacture that he might come west to start the Santa Fe Academy under the direction of Colorado College. He was principal of this school for two years. In 1880 he was called to Colorado College to organize the Department of Chemistry and Metallurgy, and has ever since been at the head of that department.



FRANCIS WALKER, S. B., A. M., Ph. D.

Professor of Political and Social Science.



Francis Walker was born in Washington, D. C., in 1870. His youth was spent in New Haven and Boston. In 1892 he received the degree of S. B. from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The three years following were spent in post-graduate work in Columbia University, where he took his Master's degree in 1893 and his Doctor's degree in 1895. His Doctor's Thesis, on "Double Taxation in the United States," was published. In 1894 and 1895 Dr. Walker was special agent for the Massachusetts Board to investigate the unemployed, and also did special work on the question of contract and city labor, and relief on public works. He became identified with Colorado College in 1895, and since 1897 has been Professor of Political and Social Science.

Absent Members and Instructors.



HENRY EVARTS GORDEN, A. B.

Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory.

A. B. (Amherst), 1879; Principal Tillotson Academy, Trinidad, Colorado, 1880-1896; Colorado College 1896.

FRANK HERBERT LOUD, A. B.

Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

A. B. (Amherst), 1873; Walker Instructor in Mathematics, Amherst, 1873-1876; Instructor in Geometry, Smith College, 1879; Scholar in Mathematics, Clark University, 1890-1891; Colorado College, 1897.

ELIZABETH B. BARROWS.

Instructor in Physical Training.

Anderson School of Gymnastics, New Haven, Connecticut, 1894.

MAUD BEMIS.

Instructor in Drawing.

Student under Rapheal Collin, Paris, 1894-1896; Colorado College 1898.

ERNEST BREHAUT, A. M.

Instructor in Latin.

A. B. (Dalhousie College), 1894; A. B. (Harvard, 1896; A. M. (ibid), 1897; Colorado College, 1898.

JOHN D. CLARK, Ph. B.

Instructor in Oratory and Athletic Director.

Ph. B. (Lafayette), 1898; student Princeton Seminary, 1899; Colorado College, 1899.

ANNA PEARL COOPER, A. B.

Instructor in English.

A. B. (Colorado College), 1896; Colorado College, 1899.

FREDERIC R. HASTINGS, A. M.

Instructor in Mechanical Drawing.

Worcester, Mass., Polytechnic Institute, 1883-1885; Ph. B. (Colorado College), 1891; A. M. (ibid), 1892.

ADDIE DELL HEIZER, A. B.

Instructor in English and Latin.

B. A. (Colorado College), 1899.

HANNAH TAYLOR MUIR, M. D.

Instructor in Hygiene and Medical Advisor.

Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, 1888-1890; M. D. (University of Colorado), 1893; Clinical Obstetrician, (University of Colorado), 1893-1895; Assistant County Physician, Arapahoe County, Colorado, 1893-1894; Post Graduate School of Medicine and Polyclinic, New York, 1895; Allgemein Polyclinic, Vienna, 1896; Philadelphia Polyclinic, 1897; Colorado College, 1895.

SIDNEY F. PATTISON, A. B.

Instructor in English and History.

A. B. University of Rochester, 1898; Williams, 1899; Colorado College, 1899.

HUGH ALLISON SMITH, B. L.

Assistant Professor of Modern Languages.

B. L., University of Missouri, 1896; M. A. (ibid), 1897; Assistant in Department of Romance Languages (University of Missouri), 1896-1898; Colorado College, 1899.

FRANCIS SEDGWICK WIGGIN.

Librarian.

B. L. (University of Wisconsin), 1882; Colorado College, 1898.

Faculty of Music.

RUBIN GOLDMARK, Director.

CLARENCE WILBER BOWERS.

Instructor in Piano-fort and Organ.

Graduate New England Conservatory of Music, Boston; Pupil of G. W. Chadwick and Ferruccio Busoni, 1890-1892; Pupil of Alexander Guilmant, Paris, 1895-1896; Organist and Instructor of Music in Seminary and Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, 1891-1892; Professor of Instrumental Music and Harmony, Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, 1892-1895; Colorado College, 1896.

GEORGE H. CRAMPTON.

Instructor in Voice Culture.

Graduate Royal Conservatory of Music, London, 1895; Pupil of Sir C. Herbert Parry; Sir C. V. Stanford; Sir Walter Parrett; Mr. Henry Blower. Colorado College, 1899.

CHARLES DOPF.

Instructor in Violin.

Member of Damrosch Symphony Orchestra, New York 1889-1896; Colorado College, 1896.

OMA FIELDS.

Instructor in Piano-forte.

New England Conservatory of Music (graduate), 1889; pupil of Leschetitzky, Vienna, 1896; Colorado College, 1894.

RICHARD FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Instructor in Violoncello.

Pupil of Grutzmacker, Dresden, 1874-1877; Member of Thomas' Orchestra, New York, 1881-1882; Colorado College, 1897.

Professor P. E. Doudna.

Pearl Eugene Doudna was born in a log cabin in the town of Marshall, Wisconsin, August 18th, 1868. He began his common school education at the age of five, walking two miles to school every morning.

When but ten years old he showed remarkable ability in solving difficult mathematical problems. Often at night, after he had gone to bed, he would call out to his father for the answer of some example on which he had been working; and it was found that he seldom had the answer wrong. At the age of twelve he helped to survey his father's farm, winning the admiration of the surveyors by his accurate work.

He finished the High School course in three years, at the head of his class. During this course he taught school for one year, and in his examination for a teachers' certificate there was one problem which only two candidates attempted to solve; Doudna was one of these. His method was at first declared incorrect; but on closer examination the authorities admitted that it was right, and that it was a much clearer and shorter solution than any they had yet seen. His district school teacher said that he had learned more mathematics in his walks with Doudna than in all the years of his schooling. His High School teacher said of him: "I never asked Pearl Doudna a question that he did not answer correctly."

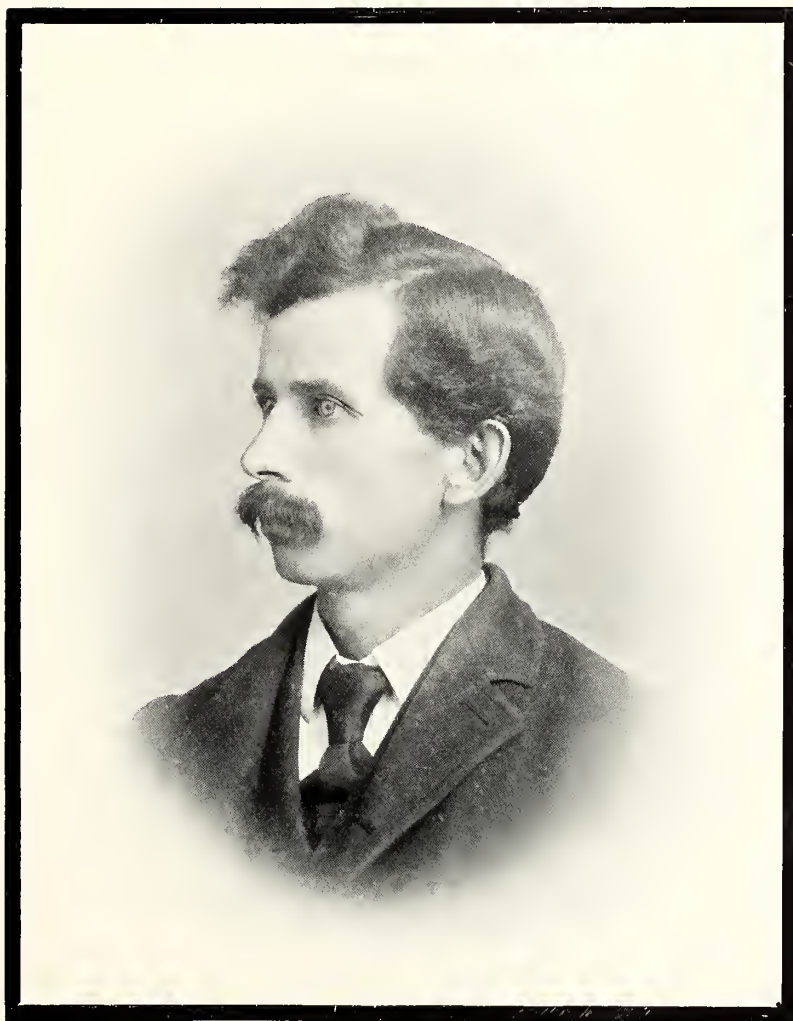
In the spring of 1889 Doudna joined the Presbyterian Church, of Richland Center, Wisconsin, and remained a member until the time of his death.

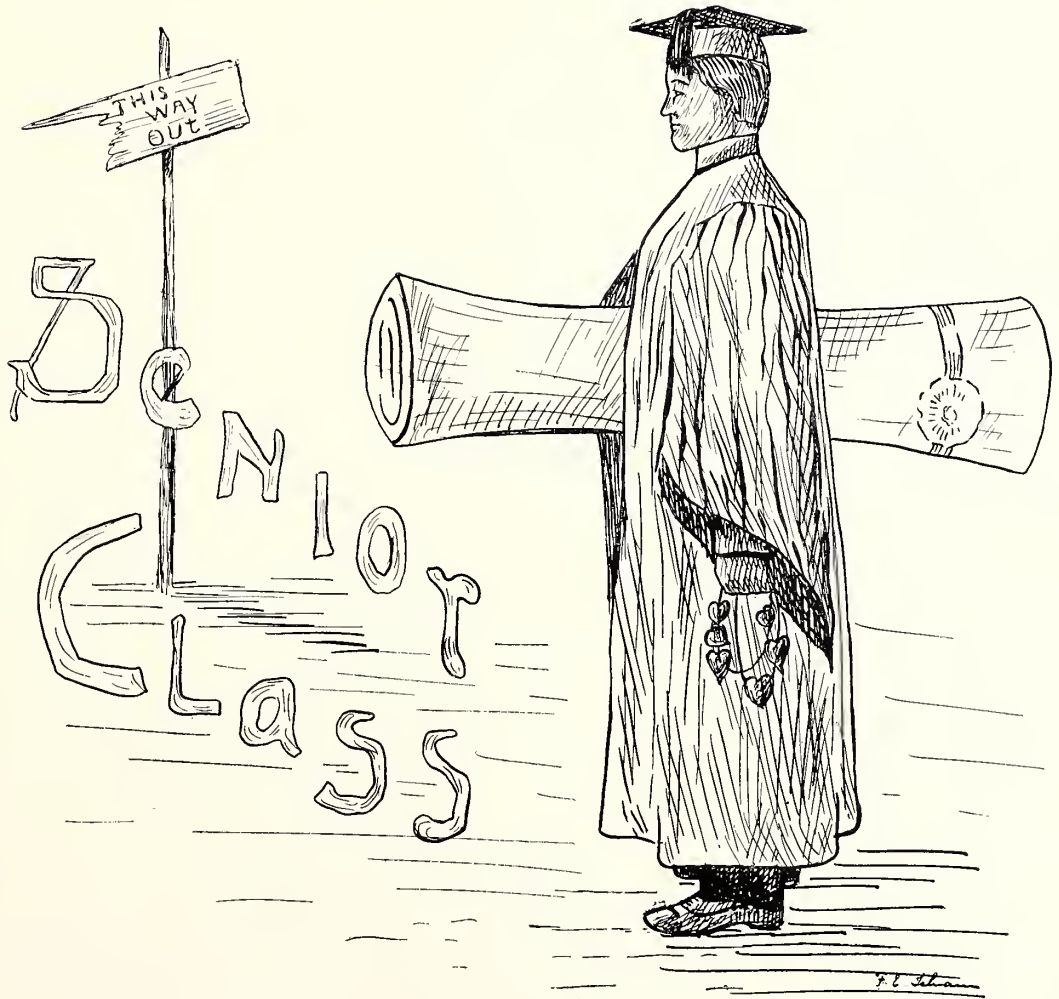
In 1890 he entered the University of Wisconsin, and again finished the course in three years, taking the degree of A. B. in 1894, after teaching for one year. While in the University he was a member of the Athene Literary Society, and at one time represented it in the inter-society debate, in which Doudna's side was victorious.

After his graduation he was urged to become a candidate for the position of county superintendent, in his own county, but he preferred to remain in the university as a Fellow in Mathematics. He was successful as a teacher, winning the love and respect of his students. At the same time he entered into original research with every prospect of success; but a serious illness interrupted this work, and caused him, in 1895, to come to Colorado Springs, where he accepted a position in the Department of Mathematics in Colorado College, which he held until his death.

Here he continued his original research in the mathematical treatment of the motion of liquids, and won favorable comment by the results of his experiments. He also took charge of the Meteorological Department, and performed his duties in that capacity with great accuracy. In 1897 he received the M. A. degree from his Alma Mater, and in 1899 was made a Professor of Mathematics in Colorado College. He died January 7, 1900, after an illness of a few days.

It is not necessary to speak of Professor Doudna's character nor his work and influence in Colorado College. Every student knows how he built up the literary societies, what a deep interest he took in the whole life of the college, and how faithfully and patiently he performed his duties, day by day, in the face of suffering. Those who knew him best loved him because of his brotherly interest, his tenderness and sympathy; those who did not know him so well, respected and honored him for his earnestness, his faithfulness and his uncompromising adherence to truth and righteousness. In the death of Professor Doudna, Colorado College lost one of her noblest friends—one in whom the students "saw indeed a hero."





The Class of 1900.



Officers.

President LEONA KITELEY.
Vice-President, W. C. BROWNING.
Secretary and Treasurer, EDNA JACQUES.

Colors:

Cherry and White.

Yell:

Kile! Kilick! Hurrah! Hurroo!
Hula! Baloo! Baloo!! Baloo!!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Zip! Rah! Boom!!
Nineteen Hundred!! Give Us Room!!

History.

THERE is something strangely happy in the countenance of our beloved President when things are "coming his way." Never, since the raising of the Pearson's fund, has he had such a satisfied mien as on Insignia Day, November 1, 1899. His face fairly beamed on the wearers of the caps and gowns, and well did we know that in the class of 1900 his highest hopes were realized. In this class he saw strength, intellect, character—all in a word, that he calls "ideal."

Individually we are great; collectively we are greater. Collectively we are not quite four years of age, yet we have summoned councils, submitted resolutions and developed a faculty for abolishing "vermiform appendices." It is not the purpose of this sketch to relate the details of our class history, nor to speak of the individual members—that would take volumes. Our past is replete with victories. In no instance whatever has this noble array of young men and women been outdone. We have a record—the class of '99 recognized the fact; the class of 1901 does not attempt to deny it—but we write not to recount our excellencies and our achievements, but only to make clear our characteristic position in the life of Colorado College.

When we matriculated in '96, a little spirit never before seen, heard nor felt on the campus, matriculated also. His name is "Class Spirit;" and he made his first public appearance at an athletic meeting early in the fall. The cane, the Freshmen and the Spirit took front seats without opposition. But opposition was what they desired, for the cane was green, the class fresh and the Spirit fair. The result was the first regulated cane rush between Freshmen and Sophmores. The Freshmen, as a matter of course, won.

But this little member which had entered the life of the community so

quietly, soon became unruly and brought disgrace upon his verdant devotees. The first, last and only tonsorial perpetration in Colorado College was instigated by him, for which act he had a two months rustication.

The stuff for the candy
Was stolen by "Sandy,"
The scissors were handy;
The chance was a dandy.
The road, it was mazy,
The place was a daisy,
The deed, it was hazy,
The fellows were crazy,
And Prexie was blazy.

But he soon was back again, and next the flag race was on. First, the red and white flag of 1900 floated over Palmer Hall, then the blue flag of '99; again the red and white, again the blue. Flags were burned and poles were greased; but we have a Brownie that can scale even greased poles when the reputation of 1900 is at stake. The climax was reached, however, when the naughty-naughts sawed off the Palmer Hall flag-pole while Prexie was delivering an ethical talk in chapel on the "rights of property." They "fessed," and for once President Slocum smiled on an evil deed.

The second and last annual cane rush was also won by the class of 1900, and won against great odds. Score, 11 to 6. But such a great dust was raised, such a crowd of spectators attracted and such superior tactics displayed by the commanding Sophs, that the Faculty immediately saw the injustice, and since then "have made other arrangements."

During the Sophomore year the spirit did not "flag," but painted smoke-stacks instead. Prexie's *vice*, however, failed to appreciate those laboriously executed and artistic designs, which the "naughty" ones hailed with such delight. Our friends, the Juniors, will recall this allusion; they also have a faint recollection, no doubt, of a certain wheel ride to the canon. If not, a few lines of the song they sang on the car coming townward will renew all the old associations.

My saddle has gone with the Sophies,
My saddle and I disagree,
My saddle has gone with the Sophies,
Oh, bring back my saddle to me.

But this is only one instance of things found missing during that famous year. Youths are known to have braved the wintry blasts with nothing but the provisions of nature to protect their precious heads. Nineteen-hundred and One was plunged into darkness that year, and has been looking to us for light ever since.

The most intensely exciting and closely won victory in our history, however, took place on Decoration Day, 1898. From time to time it looked as if

we would go down before our foe, the Freshmen, in that fiercely waged battle on the diamond, but finally, thanks to the Spirit, loyal girls and stolen bases, our mighty nine batted Bennie and his brave followers over the fence to the tune of 15 to 14.

Most fittingly the last conquest of the year was intellectual. The first and second places in the oratorical contest in 1898 were given to members of the class of 1900.

As Juniors, we began to show the deportment so becoming to the student who has reached that dignity. Our little mate, Class Spirit, who had so successfully piloted us across the stormy Freshmen and Sophomore waters, now began to appear in dress suit, quite as fascinating and engaging as we ourselves had become. When we celebrated the winning of Field Day events, he was the one most in evidence; when, on Commencement Day, our class led in honors, he was the first to applaud; when we had a grand march with the stolen spade, it was he who beat time for the procession.

When we were Freshmen we spoke, understood and thought as Freshmen, but when we became Seniors we put away Freshmen things. Time often witnesses marvelous changes, and four brief years have developed "hazers" into "arbitrators." There will be no more battles of the Kinnikinick, nor any other battles. The rare prerogative of arbitration has been ours, and until civilization, in its westward march, proclaims class spirit a "relic of barbarism" the Freshmen-Sophomore contests will be arranged by older and wiser heads. So beneath our thirty mortar-boards there moves about the campus more dignity than thirty spacious robes can conceal.

An attempt has been made in these brief allusions to our past to show that the class, throughout its course, has been a unit, a vital force in the life of the institution. With the same zeal for our college that we had for our class, we have entered into her social, literary and religious life. The glee clubs have had our class-mates among their members, and it can be said without boasting that to the "Senior Big Four," the pride of our athletic hearts, is largely due the credit for the place which Colorado College now holds on the gridiron.

But we are going soon. Much has been done to stop us, but now we see plainly that the institution, which claims our tenderest memories, is at last ready to turn us out. We are told that there is a new century to be started and that the best young men and women must be ready to help it begin aright, so we must go. Being modest, we cannot say what we feel about the void we shall leave, but go we must. We hope that the world will appreciate us even more than our college contemporaries, who have been favored by our **presence** in the institution for four years, and that we shall be able to help society as successfully as we have influenced the development of our Alma Mater. Our humility keeps us silent as to what we are sure we can do.

Senior Class Roll.



BLANCHE ATCHISON.—Miss Atchison was born at Fredericksburg, Ohio—no matter about the date. After graduating from the Colorado Springs High School she entered Colorado College in 1896. She has been popular in every phase of college life. Her work in the Minerva Literary Society, of which she was president for one term, has been of a high order. Her greatest delight has been to play the piano in chapel. The avowed (?) purpose of her life is to be an old maid school-marm.



ARTHUR W. BAILEY.—Arthur Bailey was born somewhere in Maine in the year 1876. He began his school life in the Leadville public schools and seems to have spent his time mainly in their improvement, until he entered Colorado College in 1896 as a member of the class of 1900. Bailey has been very prominent in the literary and social life of the college and his only regret is that he never was appreciated enough to be given a place on the 'Varsity teams. His future occupation is still to be discovered.



CHARLES DANA BARNES.—Barnes is one of our farmer boys. He is a native of Wisconsin, in which State he received his preparatory education and part of his collegiate work before coming to Colorado College in 1897. He got here in time to take part in the famous cane rush of that fall, but on the side of the Freshmen. Seeing our superiority in cane rushes, he hurried up and joined the class of 1900 the next year. His chief characteristic is his giant stature.



WILLIAM CECIL BROWNING.—Pueblo did a good thing for C. C. when it sent us plucky little Browning. From his Freshman year he has been one of the mainstays in foot-ball, being captain for two years. He helped to organize and edit the *Tiger*. By his aid we won the Nebraska debate in 1899. He has done much for the Apollonian Society, for the base-ball and track teams. Besides all this, he is a good student. If he was'n't so peculiar!



FRED SEYMOUR CALDWELL.—“Fritz” Caldwell was born November 11, 1876, in Monroe County, Michigan. He came to Colorado in 1891 and graduated from Longmont High School in 1896. That fall he entered Colorado College. He expects, with Prexy's kind permission, to graduate next June. Caldwell has been a prominent member of the foot-ball team ever since entering college. He has also taken a very active part in debating and Y. M. C. A. work. “Fritz” has a decided preference for co-educational colleges, and is looking for a co-ed. law school to continue his preparation for his life work.



DORA MAY CATHCART.—This fair maiden is a native of Iowa, where she received the early part of her education. Graduating from the Colorado Springs High School in 1896, she entered Colorado College the following fall. She has taken an active part in the life of the college. Minerva, social life and basket-ball have alike felt her influence, and in each, as in her studies, she has occupied a first place. Her characteristic modesty prevents her disclosing fully her future plans.



STELLA GEORGINA CHAMBERS.—Miss Chambers claims as her birth-place the City of St. Louis, Mo. She also asserts that she must have gone to school there for some time. She attended the East Denver High School until she entered Colorado College in 1896. She has ever been a most loyal member of the class of 1900 and has held the palm for energy in organizing parties and picnics. Miss Chambers' most prominent characteristic is her willingness to share other people's troubles. She intends to teach school.



JAMES EDWIN CHAPMAN.—Mr. Chapman, another Iowan, did not lend his genial presence to Colorado College until his Senior year. The previous years of his college course were spent in Northwestern University, where he was especially prominent in literary lines, being editor of the college paper and a member of the Junior Syllabus Board. In Colorado College he has entered enthusiastically into all phases of college life. May "Chappy" be a success in his chosen work, that of a newspaper man.



ELY EARL COOLEY.—Cooley was born in the State of Illinois, but has spent most of his life in Trinidad. He attended the Trinidad High School and was later graduated from Tillotson Academy in 1896. That fall he entered Colorado College and soon gained a reputation for grandstand foot-ball playing, which he has been trying ever since to destroy. Earl has been prominent in class, literary and athletic affairs all through his course, and held the position of President in Pearson's Literary Society the last of his Senior year. He expects to be a demagogue, but has not decided whether to espouse the Socialist or Anarchist cause.



CHRISTIAN JEAN DIACK.—Miss Diack was born in Canada. Subsequent facts of her history she refuses to divulge. However, it is rumored that she has been a very earnest, enthusiastic student and Minervan, and a very loyal, though oftentimes pessimistic, member of the class of 1900. Her chief pride is that she took the part of Athene in the Greek play. She will, doubtless, develop into an excellent Greek and German professor.



ABNER DOWNEY.—Downey claims to have first seen the light in Ohio some 26 years ago. After going to school in his native place for several decades he migrated to Colorado, entering the State Normal at Greeley in 1891. He graduated there in 1895, and for two years was Principal of the San Miguel schools. He entered Colorado College in 1897 and will receive his degree with the class of 1900. Downey's one aim in life is to find a better boarding place than the Philadelphian Hotel.



ELMORE FLOYD.—Floyd entered Colorado College in 1896. A "Tiger" for four years; member of Pearson's, filling many of its offices at various times; and Treasurer of Philadelphian Hotel 1899-1900; "Limpy" is a "hail fellow well met." He never had a bad word to say about—himself. His all consuming ambition has been to see his name in print. He was one of the strongest characters in the "Return of Odysseus."



ALBERT CONVERSE INGERSOLL.—Mr. Ingersoll received his early training in the schools of Cleveland, Ohio. He has been with the class of 1900 throughout the four years, and been known especially as an excellent member of Apollonian and as editor-in-chief of the *Tiger*. He has also taken high honors. He can be very agreeable when he chooses, but generally he gives the impression—to the girls, at least—of being "sufficient unto himself."



ALFRED TENNER ISHAM.—Mr. Isham claims Alfred, New York, as his birth-place. Before coming to Colorado College he studied in Yankton Academy and College in South Dakota. There he was known as a gifted student in literature, oratory and elocution. He served as literary and local editor of the Yankton College paper. During his year with us he has been a student of ability. We do not know much else about him except that he expects to teach next year.



EDNA MAY JACQUES.—Miss Jacques was born in Pittsfield, Illinois—when, it pertaineth not to our history to relate. She came to Colorado and, after graduating from the Colorado Springs High School, entered Colorado College in 1896 as a very commonplace Freshwoman. Her honors since she came to college have been so many and varied that space forbids our enumerating them. Suffice it to say that in picnics and parties, as well as in Greek and Philosophy, she has stood at the head of her class. Miss Jacques has not yet decided upon a future occupation.



LILLIAN MAY JOHNSON.—“She’s from Missouri.” She was “showed” through the preparatory part of her education in the Colorado Springs High School. She entered Colorado College in 1896 and hopes to graduate in 1900. Member of Minerva; holding offices in various organizations galore; Dean’s assistant and member of the Varsity Basket Ball team. Her favorite animal is her dog, “Do-do.” Has she ambitions? O, yes! Plenty of them. “She’ll be a lawyer bye and bye.”



LEONA KITELEY.—Miss Kiteley got most of her early education at the Longmont Academy and has been receiving the finishing touches at Colorado College for four years. She has been President of her class and Corresponding Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., President and Vice-President of the Phœden Club, a member of the “floor committee and other things” ad infinitum. She claims to have had all the diseases of children except diphtheria, and her greatest boast is that she was the first inmate of “the infirmary.”



EDGAR NELSON LAYTON.—Seven states claim to have been the birth-place of this dignified Senior, but historians award the honor to Missouri. Mr. Layton spent most of his early life in Grand Junction, Colorado, and came to Colorado College in 1896. Among other things of note, he has been Assistant Professor in Chemistry, a prominent member and officer of the Glee Club, and a shining light in Pearsons Society. Next year he will enter the Sophomore class of Rush Medical College, there to prepare for the work of a medical missionary.



MARY LOCKHART.—Miss Lockhart came from Arkansas, from a town named Fort Smith. Nobody ever heard of it before, but it ought to be famous hereafter. What little education she ever received was obtained in the schools of this city, and in a play school called Wolfe Hall. Her chief characteristic is the kindly smile with which she greets everyone, from Prexie to Sobel.



EVA MAY.—Miss May first entered Colorado College in 1895, but hearing the tread of the coming class of 1900, decided to wait a year for us. She has had a leading part throughout her college course in the social and religious life of the college. Eva is most versatile. She can do anything from writing a poem to baking biscuit. “The man that gets her will do mighty well.” She can no more help punning than she can help smiling. Her admirers are legion.



ROY MILO MCCLINTOCK.—Roy Venus de Milo was born at West Union, Iowa. He received his preparatory training at Lyons High School, Chicago. He entered Colorado College in 1896. He has very kindly lent his influence to every phase of college life. So numerous are the offices he has held and the honors received that we cannot mention them here. His chief characteristic is his absent-mindedness. His hobby is his diary. His favorite author, Ego.



JOHN NEWELL.—John is a long way away from home, as he was born at Belfast, Ireland. He attended Montalto School, St. Enochs and Professor Dawse's Preparatory College, Dublin. He won gold and silver medals in elocution in Belfast, and has been assisting in the Department of Elocution in Colorado College during this year. Though the busiest man in college since entering, '98, he has found time to enter heartily into our life. He has won great credit as tenor soloist in the Glee Club for two years.



ANNE PARKER.—Miss Anne Parker doesn't look very stubborn, but she is. She absolutely refused to allow any biographical matter, or any hints as to her characteristics, to be placed after her name. Here is her picture, judge for yourself.

P. S. She is a bright and earnest student, and a jolly girl.



OLIVE RIGGS.—Miss Riggs spent the early years of her life in Santee Agency, Nebraska. Afterwards she moved to South Dakota, where she spent three years in Yankton College. In 1898 she came to Colorado College, and, recognizing the superior merits of the class of 1900, joined that body. Though very quiet and unobtrusive, she is recognized as being one of the best students in the class, one of those who have received honors. Her violin is her chief treasure.



GRACE BREWER SMITH.—Grace Smith is one of the sweetest and most conscientious girls in the Senior class. She was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, and received her preparatory training at Oxford Seminary, Ohio, and at our own Cutler Academy. She has been especially active in Y. W. C. A. work, having been President of the association, and in 1899 a delegate to the Geneva convention. Minerva will lose in her a very loyal member and efficient officer.



GLENN C. SPURGEON.—Mr. Spurgeon used to live on a farm in Iowa, and there he learned to be a very giddy, though entertaining lad. To see him on a picnic, one would never suspect that he intended to be a missionary; that he had been President of the Y. M. C. A. and of the Apollonian Club, as well as Assistant Professor in Chemistry and leader of the Volunteer Band. He has also been an indispensable member of the Glee Club and of the class of 1900. The influence of his earnest, cheerful life will long be felt in Colorado College.



ANDREW NEWTON THOMPSON.—“Thomp,” or “Merry Andrew,” as he is indifferently called, began life in Brooklyn, New York, April 28, 1876. He came to Colorado in 1892 and was a student at Colorado Springs High School for three years. He graduated from the State Normal in 1897, taught school long enough to enable him to begin theorizing on the subject, and then entered Colorado College in 1898. Although he has been with the class but two short years, “Thomp” has shed lustre on it by his devotion to chicken raising and his ability to argue a point with Prexie.



ROBERT TURNSTALL WALKER.—Herr “Fussganger” was born at Port Henry, New York, Anno Domini 1879. At the mature age of five years he entered the schools of our national capitol. In 1889 he took up his residence in Denver, and was graduated, fossils and all, from the North Denver High School in time to enter college with the rest of the class of 1900, with whom he plans to graduate, Providence and the faculty permitting. Walker’s chief pride is his scrupulous discharge of *social* duties and his ability to identify any bit of Mother Earth on a two minutes’ notice.



MORITZ WORMSER.—Wormser is, as he himself declares, a Dutchman. He was born in Heidelberg in 1878. He attended a German gymnasium for several years before going to Switzerland to live. In 1896 he came to America and entered the class of 1899, Columbia College. In his Senior year he was forced to leave college on account of ill health and come to Colorado. Last fall he changed his matriculation from one “C. C.” to another, and became a member of our present Senior class.



RUDOLPH ZUMSTEIN.—His life has been short but eventful. He is the youngest member of the class, but we shall not blame him for that, nor can he help it that he was born at Berne, Switzerland. The first part of his college course he took in Iowa, and came to Colorado College last fall for his Senior year. He has been an active member of Pearsons and an earnest association worker. He answers to the name of “Zummy.” His greatest ambition is to be known as “Mrs. Zumstein’s husband.”



THE JUNIOR CLASS.



The Class of 1901.



Officers.

President.....GRACE LOUISE BRADSHAW.
Vice-President.....BEN. GRIFFITH.
Secretary and Treasurer.....ANDREW H. HOYNE.

Colors:

Purple and White.

Yell:

Smoke stack! Palmer!! Barbecue! Fun!!
Annual! Scholarship!! Victories Won!!
Twentieth Century! Nineteen—One!!!

Grace L. Bradshaw.
Judson L. Cross.
Leta Cutler.
Ray M. Dickinson.
Elizabeth Elliot.
Louis G. Gillett.
Ben. Griffith.
Florence E. Isham.
Helen Gouse.
Andrew H. Hoyne.
Grace Loomis.
Hugh McLean.

Merle M. McClintock.
William Percival Nash.
Otway W. Pardee.
B. M. Rastall.
Bernard L. Rice.
Ralph N. Robertson.
Aly M. Spencer.
H. LeRoy Shantz.
Anna Louise Steele.
Ralph C. Wells.
Ethel Van-Wagenen.
Mary F. Wheeler.

Vina Wyman.

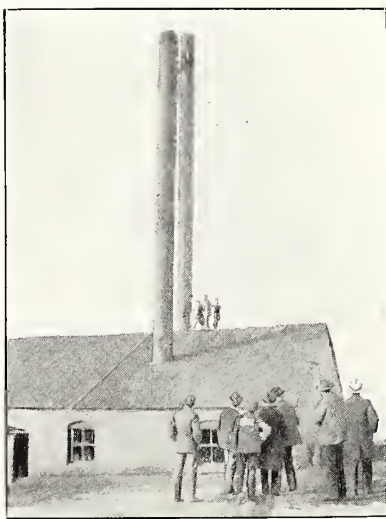
History.

We came in '97, and how glad everybody was to see us, and especially the Sophomores. They really put themselves out to make us have a good time. We were invited to join them in a cane-rush, and we rushed beautifully, but forgot to keep our hands on the cane, so the class of naughty-naught said we were beaten. But we didn't mind, for we had a very nice party in the "Gym" that night. It was during the preparation for this party that there occurred the strange disappearance of one of our young ladies. It was afterwards found that she had fallen through a hole in the floor instead of being translated, as was at first supposed.

Not many weeks had passed before the faculty and older students real-

ized what a valuable acquisition we were, and they began to treat us with more respect than is ordinarily accorded to Freshman classes. But the class of naughty-naught, with its characteristic failure to know a good thing when it sees it, kept trying to divert our minds from our studies and destroy our innocent pleasures. They took our bicycle saddles when we went to the canon; they disconnected the electric wires when Professor Parsons was giving us a party—in short, they aroused us to righteous indignation. But our opportunity soon came.

In the still hours of the night, while merriment reigned below, a band of Freshman youths, led by one Spartan maiden, made their way up the back stairs and secured as trophies a choice collection of hats. The class of naughty-naught doesn't talk much about that. And now our genius began really to assert itself. There was a new smokestack on the engine-house, and it occurred to naughty-one that its name in red near the summit would not only look well



from the campus, but would also aid any visitor in determining which was really *the* class in Colorado College. But the Sophomores proved meddlesome again, and our '01 was soon replaced by a paltry '00; but not for long, for those flaming figures, '01, were soon shining brightly from their lofty height once more, and would still have been burning like a beacon there, had not Prexie heartlessly sent up a Senior with a pail of black paint.

One other event occurred in our Freshman year—our base-ball game with the Sophomores. It is hardly worth mentioning, for the result will probably appear in the headlines of the history of the class of naughty-naught. Poor things!

Our Sophomore year began with a concession. At the express wish of the faculty we spared the lives of the Freshmen, and abolished the cane-rush.

And now comes one of the things on which our chief fame rests. There was an old tradition in the college that the Sophomore class should give a barbecue, but through the incompetence of our predecessors, or for some other reason, this custom had passed out of existence. Thus was it reserved for naughty-one to revive this ancient practice, and to astonish even its most admiring friends by the skill with which the whole undertaking was carried out.

Once again our artistic aspirations asserted themselves. There appeared

on the roof of Palmer Hall two large '01's, very neatly done, in white paint.

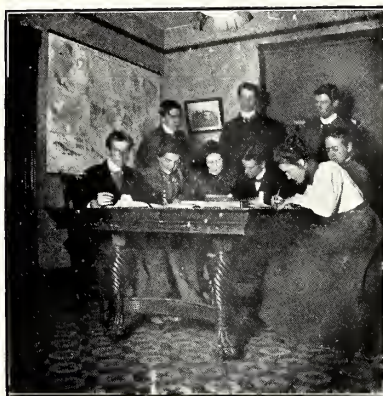


At this time was perpetrated the deed which struck all beholders with horror. The Library lawn was desecrated. In the middle of its velvety surface appeared a monstrous '02. All traces of the crime were soon effaced, but the '01's remained on Palmer to the end of the year.

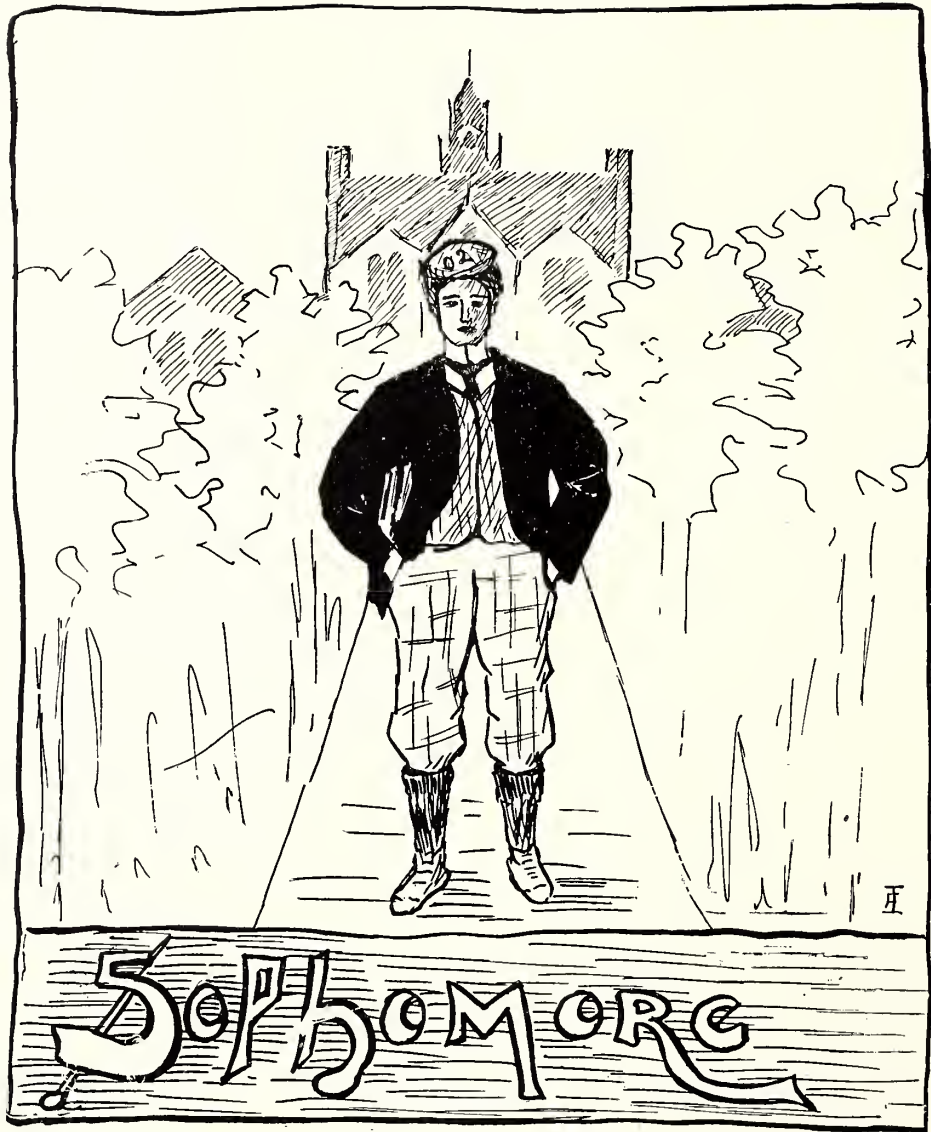
When spring came we played another baseball game; but we don't care much for athletics, although as Juniors, we have cheered the Freshmen on to victory.

Our aim during the whole of our course has been to reflect credit upon the college; and this we have done so efficiently as to incur the eternal gratitude of faculty and students. We are also a very modest class.

This year we have published the first annual ever issued by the students of Colorado College. Of its merits our readers may judge for themselves.



DIGGING FOR THE NUGGET.





The Class of 1902.



Officers.

President.....B. MERRILL HOLT.
Vice-President.....MARIE F. GASHWILER.
Secretary-Treasurer.....HARRY L. ROSS.

Colors:

Crimson and Black.

Yell:

Hoo—Rah—Rah! Hoo—Rah—Rah!
Wah—Hoo! Wah—Hoo!
Rip! Rah! Rah!
Kazik—a—la! Kazik—a—la!
Karee—Ri—Roo!
Holly—Boom! Solly—Boom!
1902.

M. Edith Albert.
Anna Ashenfelter.
Ruth G. Brush.
Bertha Clink.
M. F. Coolbaugh.
Madeline Craise.
Cora Draper.
Ethelwin Fezer.
Elizabeth F. Ford.
Hildreth Frost.
Marie Gashwiler.
Frank Gleason.
Ella Graber.
S. G. Hamlin.
Jessie A. Hart.
Myrtle Herring.
Rubin Hitchcock.
E. Lee Holden.
B. M. Holt.
C. W. Hurd.
L. R. Ingersoll.
Carrie Kramer.

Kate Kiteley.
O. T. Knuckey.
Tracy R. Love.
Flora McGee.
Rufus Meade.
C. T. Moore.
B. F. Moores.
Sperry Packard.
W. W. Platt.
Elizabeth D. Porter.
Pansy Reynolds.
H. L. Ross.
Edith Sloan.
Ossie Smith.
Clyde C. Spicer.
Bonnie Steele.
L. R. Stillman.
Harry Stubbs.
Grace Thompson.
Elizabeth R. Towle.
William Weiser.
Marion Williams.

History.



It is a weighty task to write the history of so great a class as the Sophomore—a task none the more easy because of the limited time the class has had for the making of history. The upper classes have had time to pass through numerous experiences and great evolutions, while we have had but two years. However, the present Sophomore class has filled those two years about as full as any Sophomore class in the history of Colorado College.

The history of these particular Sophomores has been rather more of an intellectual or social one, than a mere record of events. We have served our time rolling logs and wrestling with the Binomial Theorem. Some of us were even re-elected and served two terms. We have completed with more or less "eclat"—we did not learn that word until this year—our Freshman Latin. The days when we used to don our Lincoln-green hunting costumes and, with rifle in hand, sally forth in quest of the blithesome grasshopper—of use for purposes of scientific investigation—are but memories. Grasshoppers interest us no longer. We write original stories with mixed metaphors now. We teach the world that the descendants of a man who has been scalped inherit his tendency to baldness, and other facts none the less interesting to the scientific world because unfamiliar.

The Sophomores have grown from timid and retiring youths and maidens to dignified and gracious young men and women who appear as shining lights at functions and teas. Our social history is indeed a glowing one. From the night of our first party, when, rather than stay from the festivities, some of our invalid members permitted themselves to be carried on bicycles, supported on both sides by their friends—up to the present day, we have known one glittering series of brilliant triumphs. We no longer play "Jenkins up" for amusement; we have out-grown that, and our gatherings now have all the splendor and gallantry of the "beau-monde."

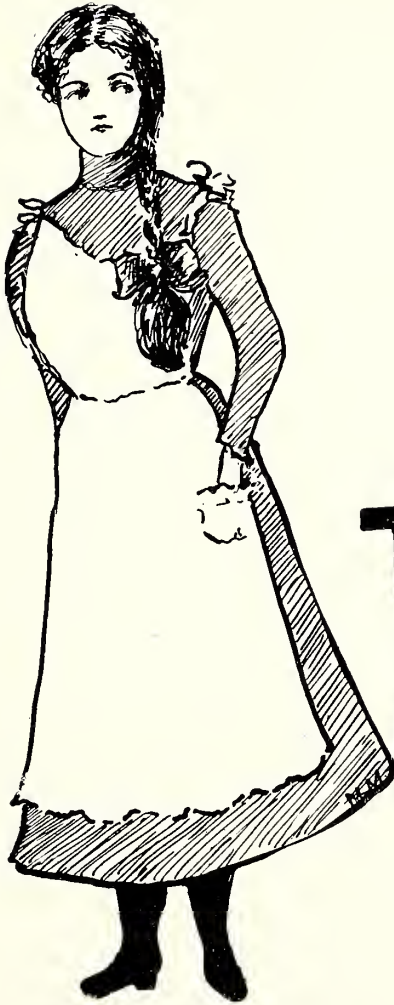
Our athletic history is a balanced one. We vanquished the Sophomores in base-ball when we were Freshmen, and would have vanquished the Freshmen in foot-ball when we were Sophomores, had not the Storm King cancelled our dates. The Freshmen, however, won the Field Day contest from us. Our class representative was not so fond of bread and molasses as the Freshman, and our Indian wrestler had spent his time in cultivating lightness and grace in his art until he scarcely equalled in effectiveness, the more substantial representative of the Freshmen.

The Sophomore class is well represented in all the college athletics. Many of the best foot-ball and base-ball players of the last two years have been members of '02. We have taken our part, too, in the literary life of the college, and

have produced some orators of whom any class might be proud, one of whom received first place in the local oratorical contest.

We have lost many of our leading spirits, and we shall never cease to mourn for them; but we have received into our number many who bid fair to rival them in our friendship; and we hope, all of us, to go through and finish as bravely as we have gone thus far.





THE FRESHMEN



The Class of 1903.



Officers.

President.....F. C. SAGER.
Vice-President.....GEORGE JAMES.
Secretary and Treasurer.....GRACE DUDLEY.

Colors:

Pink and Dark Green.

Vell:

Who are, who are, who are we?
You are slow, don't you see?
We are, we are, we are the
P—E—O—P—L—E!
Who are the people?
Nineteen—three.

Lucile Alderdice.	Pearle Kelley.
Marguerite Alley.	Henry Lacey McClintock.
Pearl I. Beard.	Clara McCoy.
Alwina Beyer.	Madge G. McHendrie.
J. H. Blackstone.	LeRoy S. Moore.
Fannie Borst.	Jessie E. Moore.
Lily K. Currie.	Carl W. Plumb.
Louise Currier.	Homer Reed.
George F. Day.	Edith Rice.
Walter S. DeWitt.	Louise Root.
Emma Dickinson.	Elizabeth Rouark.
Inez Dingwell.	Elizabeth Russel.
Grace Dudley.	Fred C. Sager.
Ella Fillius.	Edith Sampson.
Lulu Grover.	Ora D. Shearer.
Clarence B. Gould.	Jeanette Sholz.
Albert C. Hardy.	Ethel Smeigh.
Elenora Hayes.	Jessie Smith.
John S. E. Houk.	Fred B. Stewart.
Allanson S. Ingersoll.	Charles C. Stillman.
George James.	Fairfield Sylvester.
Ellen Jewitt.	Lucy Taylor.
Marshall Jonson.	Florence L. Tullock.

Wilmer Turk.

History.

All things have a beginning. From this first nucleus, large or small, are evolved all the accomplishments, successes or failures which come in after years. In beginning, we always take the optimistic view of things, and hope for the best.

Thus it is, or rather we hope it may be, with the class of Nineteen-three. In making its initial bow before the public, the class makes no boasts of what it has done or what it will do. Having stood as a class organization but a few short months, the first epoch only, of its history can be chronicled. So far this history has been as bright as any classman could desire that of his class to be.

Our first lesson in college life was received at the Kinnickinnick, when the Sophomores made a determined assault upon us with the intention of purloining our refreshments and breaking up the party. Suffice it to say that after the mists, red pepper and Profs. had cleared away, the party continued as arranged. The Battle of the Kinnickinnick will be remembered long after we have passed out from these walls.

Although this was our first introduction to college life, the impression left was rather a favorable one. We now had the confidence of our friends, the Juniors, and the respect of the Sophomores and Seniors. According to present regulations, this was the last unregulated "class scrap" to occur in Colorado College, so we consider ourselves fortunate in having entered college when we did.

Later followed the class contest with the Sophomores, arranged by the Spirit Committee. Again fortune smiled benignly upon us, and victory was ours. It can be said modestly that if one thing more than another helped us to win this contest, it was the spirit manifested by the class as a body.

Upon that day we chased the Sophs up their "sycamore tree," where they remained until they came down and challenged us to an encounter upon the gridiron. Of course the challenge was accepted, and for six days practice continued early and late. The fateful day at last arrived; but whether the fates were for, or against us, will never be known. Because of the extreme inclemency of the weather, the game, by mutual consent of the respective captains of the teams, was declared off.

The first epoch of the class life has, indeed, been bright. We hope to continue to advance in the future as steadily as we have during our short past. What will be accomplished can only be predicted by what has been done. As victory has been ours, we rejoice; as defeat may come, we hope it may bring with it no disgrace, but may only spur us on to even greater efforts.

Rockity, rockity, rockity rick;
Kinnicki, kinnicki, kinnickinnick;
Whoop, whoo, whee!
Hully gee!
All men swear by Naughty-three.

Special Class.



Officers.

President.....WILLIAM LAVENDER.
Vice-President.....FLORENCE LEIDIGH.
Secretary-Treasurer.....W. S. COLLINS.

Colors:

Burnt Orange and Seal Brown.

Allietta A. Anderson.	Morgan Jones.
Miss Allison.	Mina Kenton.
Grace Campbell.	William Lavender.
Blanche Coleman.	Florence Leidigh.
W. S. Collins.	Lotta Meacham.
Diquita Erwin.	Margaret McVety.
Charles Bruce Foley.	Mina McGregor.
Ina Gilfellen.	Clemuel Morris.
Bonita R. Ginger	Lottie Reynolds.
Alice Harding.	Zulu Russel.
Miss Hitchings.	Nellie P. Sater.
Bessie Holland.	Florence Stubbs.
Minnie Jackson.	Suzanna Warden.
Howard M. Johnson.	Wilbur W. Wiswall.
Adeleide C. Zimmerman.	

History.

Previous to 1898 the special students of the college had been somewhat on the edge of things; for, not being identified with any particular class, they had lost all the fun of class parties, class picnics and class scraps; but in the fall of 1898 some thoughtful student called a meeting of the Specials, and a class organization was effected. This was successful, and many delightful social affairs were given during the year.

Soon after the opening of college last fall, the hospitable wife of Professor Cajori, the class officer, invited the Specials to her home and entertained them in her usual cordial manner. During the evening the first business meeting of the year was held, and officers were elected. The *personnel* of the class had changed greatly, only seven or eight of its former members remaining. Many of the shining lights of last year were gone, but in their places had come



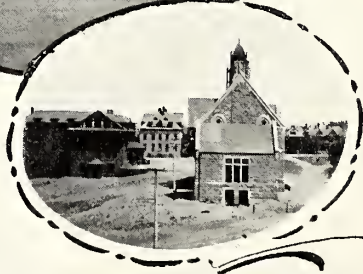
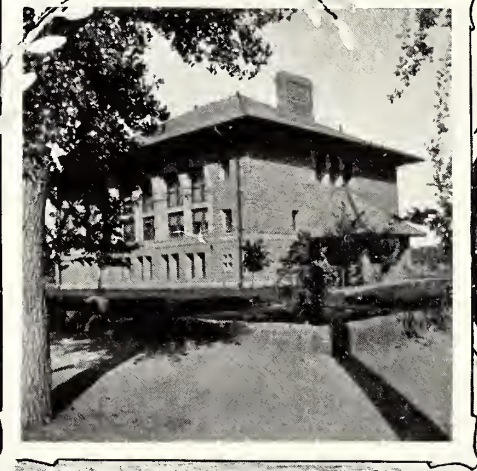
a bevy of charming young ladies, and a few young men who made up in quality what they lacked in quantity.

On a delightful afternoon in October, the Specials held their first picnic in Cheyenne Canon. The party was ably chaperoned by two of the younger professors and two favored Seniors. So successful was this picnic that another was held on Election Day, with Mrs. Cajori as presiding genius. From this picnic grew up an organization in the Special class known as the Rocky Mountain Rovers, alias, the Daring Dauntless Dalliers. The club is composed of a number of accomplished mountain climbers, who frequently scour the precipitous mountain paths in search of adventure. The Special class boasts, also, of a musical club, the great and only Special Trio. Though its members may never belong to the alumni of Colorado College, the Special class prides itself upon its college spirit. Its representatives are in almost every department of college life; in the glee-clubs, the literary societies and in athletics; and no class is more loyal to the college. At the foot-ball game at Boulder, last fall, a good sized delegation of Specials was present, and those who were unable to go were among the first to welcome back the returning heroes.

The Special class is positively the most unique in college. First consider the character of its members. In this body of students may be found all grades, from the student just out of High School, who is taking only Freshman studies, to the advanced scholar, who is taking a post-graduate course. Here are musical geniuses who are perfecting themselves in the conservatory; here are those talented in literary work who, under Professor Parson's supervision, are adding the polish to natural ability; here are budding artists who will some day be world famous; scientists and linguists, mathematicians and historians. Some Specials remain but for a few months; others, the "regularly irregular" ones, remain for years; some take but one study, others have a heavier course than the regular students.

One remarkable thing about the Special is his rare consistency. The Freshman one year, can neither see, hear, nor think, of anything outside of the Freshman's class. Every Freshman is his friend, every Sophomore his deadly enemy. A short twelve-month passes, and behold what a change has come! With a lordly air he struts around and proclaims himself no longer a Freshman, but a Sophomore. Every Freshman is now looked upon with scorn, every Sophomore with approval. But with the Special it is different. Once a Special, always a Special. Occasionally a student in this class allows his college spirit to overbalance his class loyalty, and, desiring to add lustre to the fame of the college alumni, blooms out into a Senior and graduates with honors. Such cases, however, are rare and isolated.

In conclusion, we may claim, since everything unique is interesting, that the Special is not only the most unique, but the most interesting class in college.





THE NURSERY.

Fourth Academy.



Officers.

President.....C. F. HOYT.
Vice-PresidentMISS WOLVERTON.
Secretary-Treasurer.....JOHN W. CRUTHERS.

Colors:

Pink and Blue.

We all will admit—
For the name's surely fit—
That a "slow class" they frequently name us;
But the ones that are slow
In this old world, you know,
Are the ones that quite often get famous.

Our scraps have been few,
For we'd too much to do,
To give frolics like that much expression;
Though just once—let me see;
Yes, we had a nut bee—
For particulars go to the Freshmen.

We've had much class fun,
Obtrusive in none,
Though in colors we might have been calmer.
As for direful mishaps,
And joys, too? Perhaps.
Ask silent and Sphinx-like Old Palmer.

We'll long for the past,
Since this year's our last—
That is, if we 'scape exam. meshes;
So we Fourths give three cheers
For our four happy years,
Ere we turn to much brow-beaten Freshies.

Third Academy.



Officers.

President.....O. F. LAMSON.
Vice-President.....A. G. TIFFANY.
Secretary-TreasurerFRANCES M. BROWN.

Yell:

Who are, who are, who are we?
We are, we are, we are *the*—
Third Class Academy.

Colors:

Maroon and White.

Troll.

A is for "Alice," a beautiful lad,
Who's not too good and not too bad.
B is for Ball, our charming class-mate,
Who goes in for Latin at a very great rate.
C is the Chapel, to which we must go
In spite of the rain or the mud or the snow.
D is for Davis, De Forest and Dunaway,
These are all right: we are sure of that any way.
E is for Emerson, who ought to be great,
To judge from his hat, which is marked number eight.
F is for Frances, of basket-ball fame,
Also for Field, very famous—by name.
G is for Gregg, and also for Gauss,
Who for something to say are never at a loss.
H is for Henry, the head of her class,
Who, it is true, is a studious lass.
I is the Ignorance we try not to show;
Also the Innocence we soon shall outgrow.
J is for jealousy which others will feel
When in matters of honors we show a clean heel.

K is for Kearns, our hero so brave.
 To Joseph each girl is a most willing slave.
 L is for Lamson, our leader in all,
 He is our President and plays at foot-ball.
 L is for Lowe and also for Lawrence,
 Who both for hard work show decided abhorrence,
 M is for Mabel, our class-mate so dear,
 Were she to leave us, we'd shed many a tear.
 N is for Newton, who always keeps warm;
 But a fire in the grate is surely no harm.
 O is for Orrie, Stewart's his name,
 He'll be an artist of very great fame.
 P is for Phillips, who loses his glasses,
 Also Parnag, who is fond of the lasses.
 Q is the questions we often propound,
 And which the Professors cannot get 'round
 R is for Roberts, in figures so smart,
 Who hasn't class interests always at heart.
 S is the Smiths, who're hampered by fate.
 We'd give them more room, but they came in too late.
 And also for Sinton, faithful and coy—
 To make others happy is ever her joy.
 T is for Tiffany, Taylor and Town—
 Any of these men should win us renown.
 U is for "Us," in all thirty-five;
 You may be sure we are very alive.
 V is Van Schaick, at golf he plays well;
 Likewise for Vorries, of him we'll not tell.
 W's for Willett, and also for Wilson.
 You're probably thankful that this is the last one.
 X, Y and Z we have still to meet—
 For them we'll reserve an unoccupied seat.

Second Academy.



Officers.

President.....	ARTHUR SOBEL.
Vice-President.....	JULIA E. STEVENS.
Secretary-Treasurer.....	ELIZABETH J. LOCKHART.

Colors:

Yale Blue and White.

When the work of historians is limited to the record of but a short time, and when it is of such a nature that friends and enemies alike agree, their task is comparatively easy. And such is ours. We are the chroniclers of the Sophomore Preps, who, having now fully recovered from the affliction which inevitably takes possession of the minds of Freshmen Preps immediately upon becoming members of that class, are beginning to realize that there are others, and our heads are again assuming their natural size.

Though we speak of it modestly, our class has much to be proud of. We have in our class the "Dream," and some of those modern Knights whose motto is "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand to the fair sex." We can hold our own against any other class in the recitation room, in the literary societies, and on the athletic field.

Our class is well represented in the literary societies, some of our members holding high offices. One of them, while reading a paper, in his anxiety to excel, was so confused that the critic said if he had had his eyes shut, he would not have known whether the member was grinding sausage or delivering an address.

On the athletic field we shine most of all. We have several substitutes on the college foot-ball team, and a class team that has no superior in the whole academy. The first class challenged us to a game of foot-ball, and for two weeks both teams practiced steadily. On the day before the game our team had light practice, and there was much guessing as to what the score would be. Some guessed 30 to 0, others 50 to 0 in our favor; but one enthusiast wanted to bet one to two that we would not beat them 75 to 0. It might have been even that—but the next day it snowed. In base-ball, we are equally fortunate, having, among other good players, the captain of the academy base-ball team.

Last, though not least, we maintain the standard of morals in the academy. At one of our parties we had with us five chaperones, there being but twenty members present.

And now, kind reader, having told you all that our friends would like you to know, we must part, to meet again in the next Annual.

First Academy.



Officers.

President.....CLARENCE EMERICH.
Vice-President.....MISS YOUNG.
Secretary-Treasurer.....RICHARD GREGG.

Colors:

Cream and Olive.

It is seldom that a class so scholarly, well-behaved, good-looking and so full of that harmonious feeling termed "Class Spirit," starts up that ladder ending in a cap and gown. The members individually, and as a whole, are A number one, first-class in every respect, and from the first have held together in a manner which is unusual for a new class. It is difficult for a class composed largely of students unacquainted with each other to have much interest in their class as an organization, and some time is required for their co-operation.

At first the class had its trials and tribulations, which appeared—Oh! so hard to overcome. But soon most of the difficulties were either overcome or forgotten, and all was serene. To be sure, a certain energetic gentleman appeared to be a trifle harsh and extreme in his measures of Latin precepts, but his wisdom was early apparent in the beneficial results. The instructor in English was so proud of her class that she gave certain members a holiday occasionally. The progress of the drawing class has been marked—not all pencil marks either. In mathematics, the class has been summed up very favorably.

Of course you have heard of the foot-ball team's glorious season, and of the various defeats they gave to local teams. The captain well deserves the credit of harmonizing a crowd of pig-skin chasers into a winning combination, and the team merits considerable praise for their work during the season. Undoubtedly, a strong team will appear on the diamond, as there is considerable good material to round into shape.

The first jollification, aside from those tendered by the instructors, was held in North Cheyenne Canon. The dark mysteries of the Canon of Shadows were found to be very interesting from certain lights, according to the ideas of those occupying the rear seats. Since then several class parties have been held, and on each occasion a very agreeable time was enjoyed by all.

..Fine Arts..





The Conservatory of Music.



RUBIN GOLDMARK Director.

Students.

May Cathcart.
Blanche Coleman.
Evelyn Carrington.
Harriet Crissey.
Azalia De Toliver.
Foster Dickerman.
Alice Ducey.
Olive Devinell.
Ethel Easley.
Linda Freyschlof.
Miriam Gile.
Ernest W. Gray.
Solyman G. Hamlin.
Alice Harding.
Richard Gile.
Frances Heizer.
Bessie Holland.
Diquita Irwin.
Gertrude Jackson.

Rosse Johnson.
Laura Laudsteat.
Mina McGregor.
Ethel Neirsome.
Esther Norton.
Leona Paeton.
Lois Parry.
Anna Phillips.
Myota Phillips.
Nila Preston.
Nellie R. Pyles.
Olive Railesbach.
Olive Riggs.
Edith Sampson.
Charlotte Scudder.
Lillian A. Solly.
Florence Stubbs.
Florence Towle.
Willbur W. Wiswall

The Conservatory.

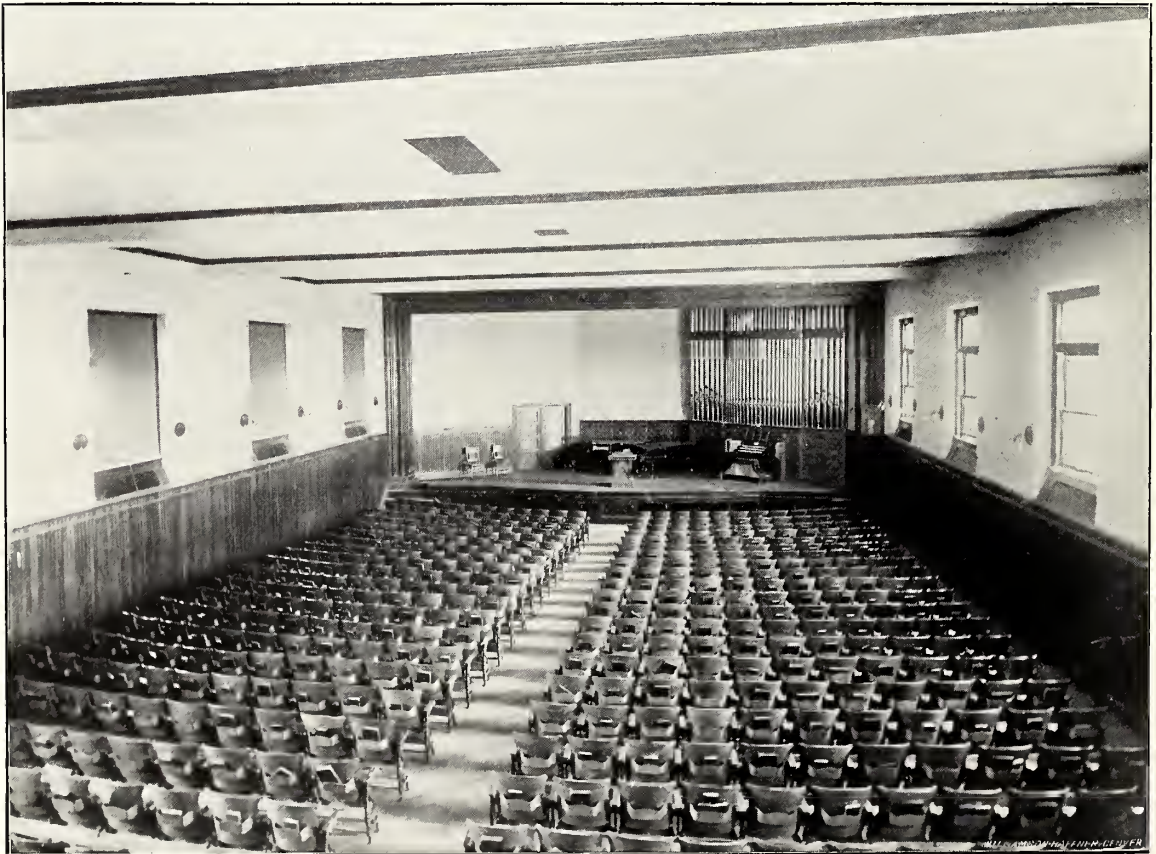
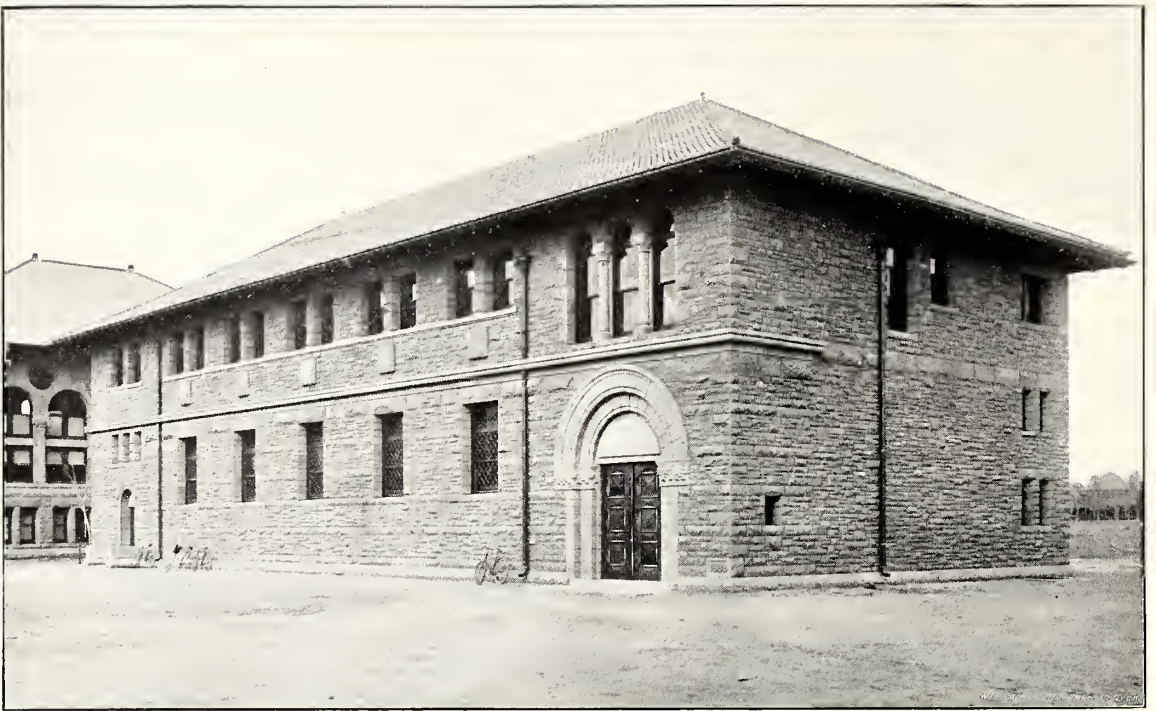


The Conservatory of Music was established by the Trustees of Colorado College in 1894. It was not organized until the need for it was strongly felt, and it is now an important branch of college study. In 1895 Colorado College was so fortunate as to secure Professor Rubin Goldmark as Director of the Conservatory. It is due, mainly, to his genius and efforts that the work of this department is so highly satisfactory.

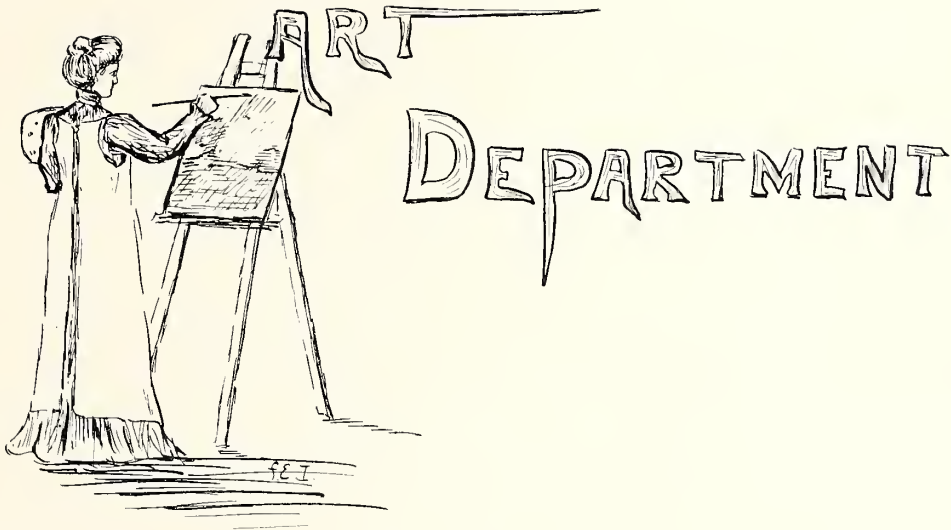
For nearly six years after the Conservatory was organized, music instructors and pupils were greatly hindered in their progress because the college had no music hall. A little frame building of one room, situated back of Montgomery Hall, as if to be hidden by that dormitory, was called "the Conservatory." Music students were forced to obtain the use of pianos in private houses for practice. It was not possible for the work of the conservatory to be well concentrated under these circumstances. But Perkins Memorial Building was built in 1899 for the Music and Art Departments, and since its dedication, last February, the scope and influence of the Music Department has widened very much. With the ten practice rooms and with the exceptionally fine organ in the auditorium, the students of music feel that at last they have, so to speak, a workshop of their own.

The courses of study offered in the Conservatory are: Piano, violin, organ, voice culture, harmony, counter-point and composition. During the winter many musical advantages are offered to the students of this department. They are admitted to the Colorado Springs Choral Society, which, under the leadership of the Director of the Conservatory, meets once a week and gives two concerts a year. A class in solfeggio and singing at sight is organized at the beginning of each year. Many special lectures and concerts are given, among them a series of organ recitals by Professor Clarence W. Bowers, and a course, on the operas of Wagner, by Professor Goldmark. The Colorado Springs Musical Club provides for bi-weekly musicales for the best home talent, and for concerts by world famous artists.

In short, the standard of the Conservatory is kept on as high a plane as that of any other department in the institution. Colorado College may well be proud of her Conservatory of Music.



PERKINS FINE ARTS HALL



LOUIS J. SOUTTER.....Director.

Art Students.

Camelia O. Ball.
 Ella Bollis
 Charles L. Mead.
 Leonora Botting.
 Frances M. Brown.
 Mabel C. Brown.
 Albert H. Brown.
 Miss De Witt.
 Stella Dunaway.
 Waldo S. Emerson.
 Katharine Field.
 Lulu Fields.
 Ida Finyman.
 Marjorie Gregg.
 Sara Jackson.
 Charles B. Harris.
 Earl Steffa.

Carolyn Lunt.
 Walter A. Lindsay.
 Eva May Moss.
 Inez A. Ridgway.
 Dorothy Robinson.
 Mrs. Scott.
 Margaret Sinton.
 Mrs. C. E. Smith.
 Orrie W. Stewart.
 Mrs. J. H. Shedinga.
 Frieda C. Wagner.
 Suzanna Warden.
 Miriam Washburne.
 Miss Wetmore.
 Genevieve Whelan.
 Miss Whitehead.
 Gwendolyn Young.

The Art Department.



With what pleasure did we move our easels and belongings from the inadequate quarters in Palmer Hall to the magnificently equipped studios of the new Perkins Fine Arts Building! Here, indeed, is an atmosphere of art, the rooms in themselves being an inspiration, filled with photographs and casts of the great pictures and works of art of Europe.

Surely, if we don't all develop into Michael Angelos and Raphaels, it is our own fault.

The exhibition room is our great delight. Here twice a year will be given public exhibitions; one of local artists, to encourage art in the West; the other a loan exhibit of paintings by old and modern masters. Besides these there will be smaller exhibitions always open to the pupils of the Art Department.

The lectures next year on German art will be delightful and will be followed by studio talks and lectures on Italian and French art. Since moving into our new quarters, a little over two months ago, the Department has increased three fold, which is most encouraging.

The Department being modeled after the Paris Ateliers; we are enabled to spend as much time as possible in the studios outside of regular class hours, and the great enthusiasm and untiring energy of all the pupils recalls the beautiful lines of the poet: "Art divine has made the body tutor to the soul."



ALUMNI

FOR AULD LANG SYNE MY DEAR
FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

The Alumni Association.



Officers.

President.....	FREDERIC HASTINGS, '91.
1st Vice-President.....	W. R. ARMSTRONG, '99.
2nd Vice-President.....	DELLA GANDY, '98.
3rd Vice-President.....	ROBERT D. MCLEOD.
4th Vice-President.....	W. L. TIBBS, '94.
5th Vice-President.....	D. T. MATCHETT, '92.
Secretary.....	NETTIE M. CAREY, '95.
Treasurer.....	OLIVER H. SHOUP.

The Colorado College Alumni Association was formed about 1885, although there were graduates prior to this time. The first graduating class consisted of two members, Mr. Fred Tuckerman and Mr. Halleck.

The purpose of this association is to preserve the interest of the Alumni in Colorado College; to promote a spirit of fellowship among its members, and to carry on such work in the interest of the college as may be determined from time to time.

At the opening of each college year the Alumni gives a reception to the present college Trustees, Faculty and students.

During commencement week many of the Alumni return to this city to attend the Alumni banquet, which is one of the many pleasant features of that week.

Two years ago the Alumni presented the college with a fine electrical machine, which was greatly appreciated by the Science Department.

The association now numbers eighty-three members. These, with the class of 1900, will bring the number to about 110.



CLASS OF '99.

The History of '99.



Colors:

Yale Blue.

Motto:

"See Both Sides."

Yell:

"Rah! Rah! Rah!

Get in line;

Yell for the class

Of Ninety-nine!"

Beloved Alma Mater, through four swift-fleeting years you cherished us within your sheltering arms and gave us of your stores of learning, some little glimpse to each, and best of all, you filled our hearts with throngs of precious memories of the sunny days spent in earnest work or happy play within your halls and fields. And now, though we have left your protecting care forever, it is with grateful hearts that we pause and turn back to live over again those four happy years together.

Before we begin our story we wish to express our grateful appreciation to the class of '01 for the space they have given us in their volume. For now, in 1900, the class of '99 has vanished from the scenes of college life, and it is with a pleasure entirely unexpected that we respond to the invitation to contribute to these pages. But our history is so interwoven with that of the classes that follow us that it seems not out of place in these records.

When we entered college as poor, homesick Freshmen, we were received with great cordiality by the Juniors, the memorable class of '97, and we shall never forget the kindness with which they treated us all through our first two years. Without them to guide us we should have gone much further astray than we did in our first ardent desire to make ourselves known to all the college world. In this early time we may have been verdant, as it is said all Freshmen are; and probably we were somewhat in the rough still—at any rate the Sophs thought so when we succeeded in carrying one stout cane into chapel through the rush that occurred on the steps. Prexie believed it without a doubt, as he clearly showed in the disgusted ethical talk with which he greeted

our performance. Our presumption in giving a mask ball to our bitter enemies, the class of '98, drew down upon us the censure of the upper classmen. The party was the result of a wager, however, and we could afford to throw college etiquette aside, since our orator, Thompson, had beaten the Sophs' in the State contest.

As Sophomores, it is hard to recall what we did, except in every way possible making life disagreeable for the class of Naughty-Naught. Sometimes, as in the cane-rush, we found our hands full, for they far outnumbered us, but still we succeeded in making them feel that they were unwelcome, and it is now a cause for wonder that they had the courage to outstay us. At the end of this year we regretfully watched our friends of '97 depart, for we felt that in losing them we had lost all that was dignified and noble in the student life—'98 was always foolish and frivolous, to the very end.

When we became Juniors we realized that our time was short for happy, light-hearted fun, since in the next year the weight of the college would be upon our shoulders and we should have to pose as the high ideals that our poor stumbling friends of Naughty-Naught would try to follow. So we allowed '98 to nearly ruin the college and devoted ourselves exclusively to having a good time. We shared our fun with the present Junior class, which entered that year, and with them formed fast ties of friendship which will never be broken as long as memories of college life remain. We gave suppers and picnics and wheel rides, moonlight tramps to the mountains, circus parties and skating parties, and parties of every description; yet we never cut our classes and we always learned our lessons, and with it all we received the name of the "slowest class in college!" In time the hatchet was buried between our class and the Seniors, and the day spent together in the mountains by the two classes marked the beginning of an era of friendly feeling. In June the door was closed in the face of '98, and we were not sorry to step into their places as Seniors and the pillars of the college.

With our caps and gowns on Insignia Day, we also assumed the dignity and the cares that fall to the lot of a Senior. Our story from that time on is one of quiet work and earnest thought and deepening friendship, as we began to realize how soon we were to part, and that we were all to take up our work alone without that happy feeling of comradeship which is the most blessed part of college life.

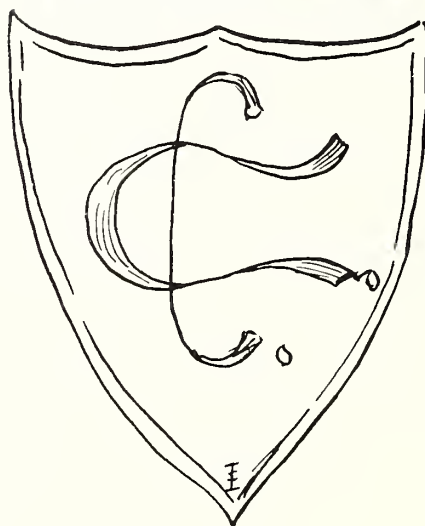
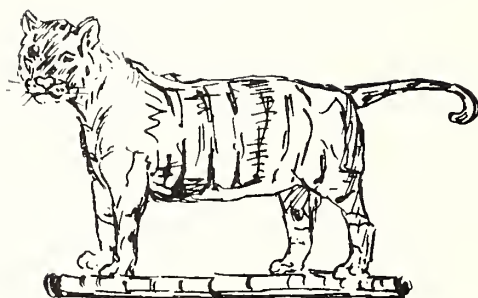
With the coming of June and the last days, we threw care and work to the winds. We lunched and dined and picnicked together, and with our friends. We settled all grudges against our beloved Faculty when we defeated them in a base-ball match with the proud score of 13 to 9. And at last, after Class Day, the farewell reception and dinner and the class supper came. Commencement, and we received our sheepskins and went forth from the college halls, each one going reluctantly and looking fondly back at the Alma Mater so dear

to us all. Wherever we are in the great world we shall cherish a grateful love for her in our hearts and an earnest hope for her prosperity.

In the words of our Class Day song:

“We come to speak farewell
To college life to-day,
Our storied campus, classic halls,
Will soon be far away.
“No more on field we’ll strive
On gaining victory bent,
No more in classic cap and gown
O’er study pour intent.
Yet ere we leave thy care,
Or quit their sacred shrine,
Oh, Alma Mater, we would tell
Our love for thee and thine.
Our constant zeal and true
Shall ever speak thy praise,
Our love for thee shall never fail
Through this or coming days.
We come to speak farewell
To college life to-day,
Our storied campus, classic halls,
Will soon be far away.”





Organizations

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Officers.

President.....	EDWARD S. PARSONS.
Vice-President.....	L. A. E. AHLERS.
Secretary.....	FLORIAN CAJORI.
Treasurer.....	SIDNEY F. PATTISON.

The Scientific Society.

During the year 1889-90, three new instructors of Colorado College lived in Hagerman Hall. This building had just been completed, and its dedication marked the first mile-stone on the road of progress as mapped out by President Slocum, who had come to the college the previous year. The three new instructors were O. H. Richardson, now of the Yale Faculty; G. L. Hendrickson, then just from Bonn and Berlin, now connected with the University of Chicago; and F. Cajori, who had resigned his position at the Tulane University of Louisiana, to make his home in Colorado. These three young men and Miss E. Wickard, who also roomed at Hagerman Hall, frequently discussed the present and future of Colorado College—what it was and what they hoped it soon would be. One day Hendrickson and Cajori were pacing up and down the lower corridor of Hagerman Hall, waiting for the sound of the dinner bell, and discussing great problems relating to the college and themselves. They wondered whether the college, which had at that time about half a dozen students of college rank, would really grow, whether books and apparatus would be forthcoming, whether there was any ground for hope that they might achieve something in the way of scholarship and original research. Cajori suggested to Hendrickson, "why not start a Scientific Society?" The idea was favorably received. Miss Wickard and Mr. Richardson promised their support. Prof. Slocum en-

couraged the plan. Prof. F. H. Loud saw in it the very thing he had wanted for years.

On January 22, 1890, a constitution was adopted and the following officers elected: F. H. Loud, President; Miss E. Wickard and W. Strieby, Vice-Presidents; F. Cajori, Secretary; O. H. Richardson, Treasurer. The first regular meeting was held in February, 1890.

The objects of the society, as set forth in the constitution, are, "the discussion of recent scientific results, the promotion among its members of scientific inquiry and investigation, and the publication of the more important papers read at the meetings."

If any proof is needed of the zeal displayed by the early workers of the society, it is found in the fact that only four months after its organization the society published its first issue of scientific papers under the title of "Colorado College Studies." The society has become a permanent organization in Colorado College. Every year since, except one, a volume of "Colorado College Studies" has been published. During the first few years the bills for printing were met by the annual dues and by contributions from public-spirited citizens of Colorado Springs. In 1893 the College Faculty subscribed \$1,500 towards the "Pearsons Fund." The interest of this sum has been set aside to defray, in part, the cost of publication. The "Colorado College Studies" are distributed to a large number of scientific societies in the United States and abroad. Exchanges are received from all parts of the world. Many valuable scientific articles in the Coburn Library have come to the college in this way.

As the years pass may the Scientific Society grow in efficiency and become an ever increasing power in the intellectual life of Colorado College.



Athletic Association.



Officers.

President.....LOUIS A. E. AHLERS.

Treasurer.....FLORIAN CAJORI.



Board:

Faculty Members.

W. F. SLOCUM.

L. A. E. AHLERS.

FLORIAN CAJORI.

College:

'00.

W. C. BROWNING.

'01.

OTWAY PARDEE.

'02.

FRANK H. GLEASON.

'03.

T. S. MOORE.



Academy:

D. G. RICE.

J. P. KEARNES.

City Members.

W. P. BONBRIGHT.

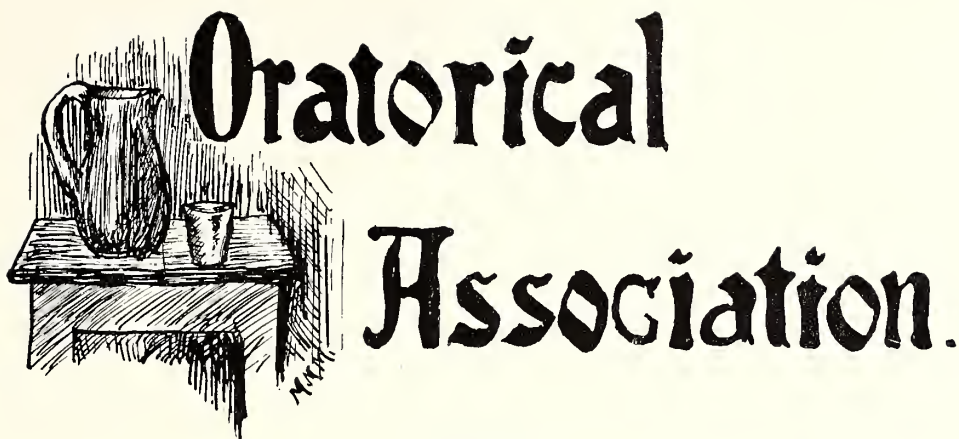
C. H. MALLON.

Ex-Officio Members.

JOHN D. CLARK.

BEN. GRIFFITH.

E. E. COOLEY.



Oratorical Association.

Officers.

President.....BEN. GRIFFITH, '01.
Vice-President.....MERL M. MCCLINTOCK, '01.
Secretary-Treasurer.....BERNARD L. RICE, '01.

The last year has seen a marked advance in all departments of the college. New courses of study have been given; new scholarships have been offered; athletics have had a splendid record. And by no means in the rear of the procession has come the work of the Oratorical and Debating Association. The method of choosing intercollegiate debaters has been revised, the record of the college in debate has been established by winning an intercollegiate debate from the University of Nebraska, and at the invitation of the State Oratorical Association, the college has again become a member of that body.

The intercollegiate debate of '99 was held in Colorado Springs, on April 28. The University of Nebraska supported the proposition: "Resolved that the United States Should Annex the Philippines," and was represented by Messrs. P. B. Weaver, A. Bollenbach and W. F. McNaughton. Colorado College upheld the negative, being represented by Messrs. W. R. Armstrong, J. D. Clark and W. C. Browning. The judges—Dr. W. F. McDowell, Mr. Henry T. Rogers and Mr. Charles H. Stickney—gave their decision in favor of the negative. The members of the college team won their places by a preliminary debate in which the whole student body was allowed to compete.

In 1897 the association became so dissatisfied with the system of judging the annual contest of the State Association, that it decided to withdraw from that body. Accordingly it did so, and established a local oratorical contest. In the spring of 1899 the State Association invited the college to send delegates to a special convention with the view of re-entering the association. Delegates were sent; the system of judging advocated by the college was accepted by the State Association, and the local association became a part of its membership.

The association thus has a large field of work before it for the future. It will have a part in important debates, and important oratorical contests, and the work in both lines must be kept on a high plane if the college is to maintain a high position in these important lines of work.



Officers.

President.....A. W. BAILEY.
 Vice-President.....GLENN C. SPURGEON.
 Secretary-Treasurer.....A. C. INGERSOLL.
 Sergeant-at-Arms.....L. R. STILLMAN.

Members.

1900.

A. W. Bailey.	Roy M. McClintock.
W. C. Browning.	G. C. Spurgeon.
F. S. Caldwell.	A. N. Thompson.
A. C. Ingersoll.	R. T. Walker.

1901

Ben. Griffith.

1902.

L. R. Ingersoll.	H. L. Ross.
C. T. Knuckey.	L. R. Stillman.
C. W. Weiser.	

1903.

F. I. Doudna.	H. L. McClintock.
C. C. Stillman.	



WILLIAMSON & SONS, PITTSBURGH

APOLLONIAN CLUB.

Apollonian History.

The Apollonian Club is the oldest of the literary societies of Colorado College, and is probably the oldest non-fraternal society in the State. It was on November 14th, 1890, that the Apollonian Club was formed, its birth-place being what was then the Library, but is now the North Room in Palmer Hall. The first officers of the club were, H. S. Murdock, President; D. F. Matchett, Vice-President; W. M. Swift, Secretary-Treasurer; A. W. Kettle, Sergeant-at-arms.

Ever since its formation the Apollonian Club has been most active in all the life of Colorado College. It inaugurated the society banquet; on May 15th, 1891, according to the minutes, it was moved and carried that "the club hold a banquet at the Alamo Hotel." The consideration of this motion first brought the chaperon question prominently before the college public.

In the spring of 1894, after the completion of the Coburn building and the removal of the Library thither, the Apollonian Club, Minerva and the Academy Society united in fitting up the North Room in Palmer as a Society Hall. On May 11th the three societies, at a joint meeting, dedicated their new hall, and Minerva and Apollo continued to meet there until the spring of 1900.

Debating at Colorado College owes its firm establishment almost entirely to the efforts of the Apollonian Club, having always been the most prominent feature of the regular programs. Public debating originated in 1897, when the club held its first prize debate. A second prize debate was held in 1898, and in 1899 the Apollonian Club debated against the newly organized Pearsons Society, the youngster being victorious. Previous to this, in 1898, the Apollonian Club had inaugurated intercollegiate debating in Colorado by challenging the University of Colorado to a debate. The challenge was contemptuously refused, so the club turned to the University of Nebraska. With this institution a debate was arranged, which took place in Colorado Springs, on April 22nd. The Apollonian debaters, Goodale, Holt and Thompson, acted as the representatives of the college as a whole. In the spring of 1900, as the old society hall had to be used as a recitation room for the college, Apollo was obliged to seek new quarters. He went to work with his characteristic energy, and soon had collected from his disciples and friends the \$500 which paid for the erection of the cozy little club house he now occupies. The possession of this house gives the Apollonian Club a permanent, individual meeting-room, and a place to which its members may resort at any time to have a little sociable loaf on the veranda, or to read or study at one of the tables by the fire-place.

Moreover, it gives to the Apollonian Club the honor of having built the first club house, as well as of having established the literary society, the banquet, and the intercollegiate debate in Colorado College.



MINERVA

Officers.

President DORA MAY CATHCART.
 Vice-President..... LILLIAN M. JOHNSON.
 Secretary..... ELIZABETH ELLIOT.
 Treasurer..... NELLE P. SATER.
 Factotum GRACE LOUISE BRADSHAW.

Members.

'00.

Blanche Atchison.
 Dora May Cathcart.
 Stella G. Chambers.
 Jean Diack.
 Edna M. Jacques.

Lillian M. Johnson .
 Leona C. Kiteley.
 Eva May.
 Anne E. Parker.
 Grace B. Smith.

'01.

Ethel Van-Wagenen.
 Anna Louise Steele.
 Merle M. McClintock.

Florence Emily Isham.
 Elizabeth Elliot.
 Grace Louise Bradshaw.
 Mary F. Wheeler.

'02.

Marie Gashwiler.
 Ella L. Graber.
 Myrtle Herring.

Elizabeth D. Porter.
 Edith C. Sloane.
 Lois V. Stoddard.

'03.

Emma M. Dickinson.
 Madge E. McHendrie.
 Jessie Moore.

Edith Rice.
 Elizabeth Russell.
 Florence L. Tullock.

SPECIAL.

Bonita R. Ginger.
 Diquita Irwin.

Florence L. Leidigh.
 Nelle Priscilla Sater.
 Adelaide Zimmerman.



MINERVA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Minerva History.



In the fall of 1892, five young women, with the help of Miss Wickard, instructor in English, organized the Minerva Society. Its purpose, as defined by the charter members, was "to secure the union of logical thought and graceful language" in extemporaneous speaking on current events in the field of politics and letters. As the society has grown in numbers, and young women who are interested in art and music have been admitted, its scope has been broadened, and an occasional afternoon has been devoted to some great artist or famous composer. Weekly meetings have been held, at first in any available class room, but for the last six years in Society Hall, which was furnished by the joint efforts of Minerva and Apollonian. This is a true home for Minerva, and no spot on the campus has more pleasant associations than Society Hall.

The membership is limited to thirty-five, and the programs are arranged by a committee in such a way that each member takes part once in six weeks. The programs are not unlike those of other literary and debating societies.

While the chief aim of the society is development along intellectual lines, a pleasant social life has gradually grown up. During the year, there are several farces and an informal dance for the new girls. In this way the incoming students catch a glimpse of the lighter side of Minerva, and lose their fear of the dread initiation and of the hard work that follows. There are a number of informal frolics, varying in nature from a Roman feast to a darky ball. Whatever the form of amusement, the 10 o'clock gong rings all too soon. The most formal event of the year is the anniversary held in December, at Ticknor Hall, to which the young men and a few members of the Faculty are invited. The form of entertainment differs from time to time. At the last function, delightful music was given by some friends of the college. This was followed by a progressive dinner in the study room, which was made attractive by appropriate decorations. Minervans show their appreciation of the Senior girls by gifts to each one, and by a picnic in the canon just before Commencement. Here a prophecy is read, in which Minerva shows each devotee how the sister Graces have wound her life cord.

So Minerva life is varied. The weekly meetings, which receive their stimulus from the class room, in turn arouse an interest on the part of the members for special work in English, and make them realize that there is much in the world outside their campus and their text books. The social life strengthens college friendships, and gives a definiteness of aim to recreation. The pin, a circle inclosing an M, symbolizes the tie which binds together all members. "Once a Minervan, always a Minervan."



Officers

President.....E. E. COOLEY.
 Vice-PresidentOTWAY PARDEE.
 Secretary.....E. LEE HOLDEN.
 Treasurer.....W. D. VAN NOSTRAN.
 Sergeant-at-Arms.....B. M. RASTALL.

Members.

FACULTY:

JOHN D. CLARK.

'00.

James E. Chapman.
 Earl E. Cooley.
 Abner Downey.

Elmore Floyd.
 Edgar N. Layton.
 Rudolph Zumstein.

'01.

Judson L. Cross.
 Ray M. Dickinson.
 Hugh McLean.
 William Percival Nash.

Otway Pardee.
 B. M. Rastall.
 Bernard L. Rice.
 Ralph C. Wells.

'02.

M. F. Coolbaugh.
 Clyde C. Spicer.
 William W. Platt.

Charles T. Moore.
 E. Lee Holden.
 Solyman G. Hamlin.

'03.

John S. E. Houk.
 Clarence B. Gould.
 Homer Reed.

Fred C. Sager.
 Ora D. Shearer.
 Fairfield Sylvester.

W. D. Van Nostran.



PEARSONS LITERARY SOCIETY.

Pearsons History.



MOTTO: "Unity and Push."

The founding of this society was a forward step in the development of the college. It came into existence because of a great need that had to be satisfied. There was but one young men's society for literary work in the college, while there were many fellows, more than it could accommodate, desirous of doing literary work. As the first step in organization, a few men met in secret and talked the matter over; but gradually more were taken into the circle, until finally, definite plans were laid, and on March 3rd, 1898, the society was founded with a membership of fifteen.

It was not until the friends of the society began to despair of its ever having a name—not until it had been dubbed the "Nameless"—that, after heated discussions, the name "Pearsons" was chosen in honor of him who had so generously endowed the college the year before.

The first place of meeting was in the Kindergarten, on the southeast corner of the campus, as there was no available place in the college buildings. Friday evening was decided upon as the time of meetings. The society remained in its first quarters until the opening of school in the fall of 1899, when it moved into the college chapel, then in the basement of the Coburn Library. After the Perkins Fine Arts Hall was erected, the large room on the second floor was secured for society meetings, and appropriately dedicated on February 24th, 1900.

Following the custom of the older societies, Pearsons could not end the first school year without a spread; so it was voted that each member should pay twenty-five cents, and that the money should be refunded when the treasurer, who was then living on the summit of Pike's Peak, descended to the common level. The assessment having been paid, the members went in a body to Gough's Bakery, where they banqueted on pie.

On January 20th, 1899, Pearsons won the inter-society debate with the Apollonian Club, thereby proving itself a worthy rival of the older society. In less than one year from its birth it stood without a superior in Colorado College, which was more than even its most ardent supporters had dared hope.

The first anniversary of the society was celebrated by a banquet at the Alta Vista Hotel. Just as the ginger champagne sparkled with CO₂, so the toasts sparkled with wit and humor. In order that the joy of the evening might be complete, some of the ladies favored Pearsons with their presence.

It might also be mentioned that in the intercollegiate debate with the University of Nebraska, on April 28th, 1899, two of the debaters were Pearsons men.

As to the work of the society, debate is the principal feature; almost every program has a musical number upon it. Attention is also given to orations, essays, extempore speaking, and parliamentary drill.

At the opening of school in the fall, a reception is given to college men. Various receptions and spreads, to which guests have been invited, have added greatly to the social growth of the society.

The wonderful progress of the society may be traced to many sources. The chief ones are: Lively programs, adherence to the motto, sociability, equality, brotherly love, and lastly, hardwork. These qualities are combined in one term, *Pearsons Spirit*.

To those thinking of membership: We have a fair share of the foot-ball and base-ball players, glee-club men, ladies' men, and book worms. There are also among our number, sprinters, poets and mule-drivers, while every member is a skilled boxer. You will find us ever ready to initiate good movements and good men.



PEARSONS HALL.



Officers.

President.....PANSY RAYNOLDS.
 Vice-PresidentWILMA TURK.
 Secretary.....LOUISE ROOT.
 TreasurerETHEL SMEIGH.
 Factotum.....ELLA S. FILLIUS.

Color:
Carnation Pink.

Members.

Grace Loomis.	'01.	Aly M. Spencer.
M. Edith Albert.	'02.	Kate M. Kiteley.
Anna B. Ashenfelter.		Flora McGee.
Bertha M. Clink.		Marion K. Williams.
Ethelyn Fezer.		Pansy Raynolds.
		Ruth G. Brush.
	'03.	Jessie Smith.
Fanny Borst.		Ella S. Fillius.
Louise W. Currier.		Ethel Smeigh.
Grace A. Dudley.		Wilma Turk.
Louise Root.		
		Edith Sampson.

SPECIAL.
 Lotta Meacham.



WILLIAMSON & COMPANY, PHOTOG.

CONTEMPORARY CLUB.

Contemporary History.



For a considerable length of time there has been a growing need of a new literary society for young ladies. Until this year the matter had not been taken up, but as the need increased and the college became larger, the forming of the society seemed inevitable, and the young ladies set immediately to work. The result was the Contemporary, a club which takes up literary work in two ways.

One of the lines of work decided upon was that of Current Literature, consisting of reviews of the latest books, character sketches from these books, and general discussions of them. The other line of work is of a more serious nature. The club decided to organize itself into an English House of Commons for practice in political work and the discussion of current events. All the work is carried on according to Parliamentary Law. The meetings, which continue through one hour, are held once a week, and the two different methods of working alternate.



Hesperian Literary Society.



Officers.

President.....	ARTHUR G. TIFFANY.
Vice-President	JOSEPH P. KEARNS.
Secretary-Treasurer.....	DAVID G. RICE.
Censor.....	OTIS F. LAMSON.
Sergeant-at-Arms	DANIEL L. SCHNEIDER.

Members.

Albert H. Brown.	Zenas T. Roberts.
John Y. Crothers.	Earnest Salazar.
Hugh M. Doudna.	Daniel L. Schneider.
George R. Drysdale.	Arthur Sobel.
George F. Guernsey.	Arthur G. Tiffany.
Charles D. Hall.	Arthur P. Van Schaick.
Chester F. Hoyt.	Fielding B. Vories.
Joseph P. Kearns.	Dudley A. White.
Otis F. Lamson.	Fred E. Willet.
Waldo Love.	Orlin Williams.
George B. Phillips.	Willet R. Willis.
David G. Rice.	Walter L. Wilson.

Hesperian History.

In the long time ago, a number of the academy students were in the habit of amusing themselves on Friday nights by annoying the Apollonian Society in their weekly meetings. This went on for some time, but one evening, when the boys had been carrying their fun a little too far, a number of the fleetest of the Apollonians came out, gave chase, and finally succeeded in catching one of the unfortunate offenders. It is useless to shock you by relating the dreadful punishment to which he was subjected. It is enough to say that the ordeal which he underwent left a lasting impression on his youthful mind.

The news of this affair having reached the ears of President Slocum, he called a special meeting of the boys of the academy, to be held in the Hagerman Hall reading room. To this meeting there came a large number of pretty badly scared fellows, as they expected what they no doubt deserved—a severe ethical talk. To their great surprise he greeted them in the most cordial manner, and, in the little talk he gave them, suggested that it would be a great benefit to them to organize an academy literary society. The boys took readily to the idea, and accordingly called a meeting to make arrangements for organization.

After the necessary preliminary work the society was formed, Donald Gregg being elected as first President. The first regular meeting was held on



HESPERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

January 15th, 1897. The following are the charter members of the society: Donald Gregg, Ray M. Dickinson, Roscoe Holt, Ralph A. Kiteley, Edgar S. Wilson, Horace H. Emerich, Harold H. Sanderson, B. Merrill Holt, Francis R. Harrington, Frank H. Gleason, Willet R. Willis, Milton Ingraham, Harry H. Brown and Benjamin Griffith. Of these the only one remaining in the society is Willet R. Willis, but many of the old members are now in the college and are members of societies there.

The work of the society has been steadily progressing from the very beginning. In the spring of 1898 a debate was held with the Colorado Springs High School. It was won by the Hesperians.

In the spring of 1899, as the members were unable to secure a debate with any outside school, it was decided, in order to keep up interest in the society to hold a prize debate. It proved a great success, the participants proving themselves a credit to their society.

While the primary object of the society is practice in debating, yet, that the members may have a chance to develop their other faculties and to give variety to the programs, special programs have been given in which original stories, poems and other special features have been introduced. There have also been held two mock trials which have proved quite successful.

This year the society has been fortunate enough to secure Prof. Pattison for a critic.

Interscholastic debates have recently been arranged for with the Central High School, of Pueblo, and with the Colorado Springs High School, to take place just as this publication goes to press.



HESPERIAN INTER-SCHOLASTIC DEBATERS, 1900.

Philo Literary Society.



Officers.

President	KATHERINE FIELD.
Vice-President	MARGARET SINTON.
Secretary.	ADA TAYLOR.
Treasurer.....	LEONORA PELTON.
Factotum.....	GRACE LAWSON.

Colors:

Pink and Brown.

Motto: Plus Ultra.

Members.

Cornelia O. Ball.	Erma Johnson.
Frances M. Brown.	Grace L. Lawson.
Mabel C. Brown.	Vera I. Leonard.
Lillian G. Chapman.	Leonora G. Pelton.
Anna Clough.	Harriet A. Sater.
Mary M. Cox.	Margaret Sinton.
Sarah S. De Forest.	Julia E. Stevens.
Stella Dunaway.	Ada Taylor.
Katherine Field.	Lena Towne.
Florence C. Holt.	Sarah E. Wallace.

History.

Since the Ciceronian Society disbanded, there has been no literary association for academy girls. Although the young women of Cutler Academy realized the need of one, they were slow in organizing such a society; but at last a number of them determined to raise the standard of academy life, and so, early in the fall of 1899, they met and organized the Philo.

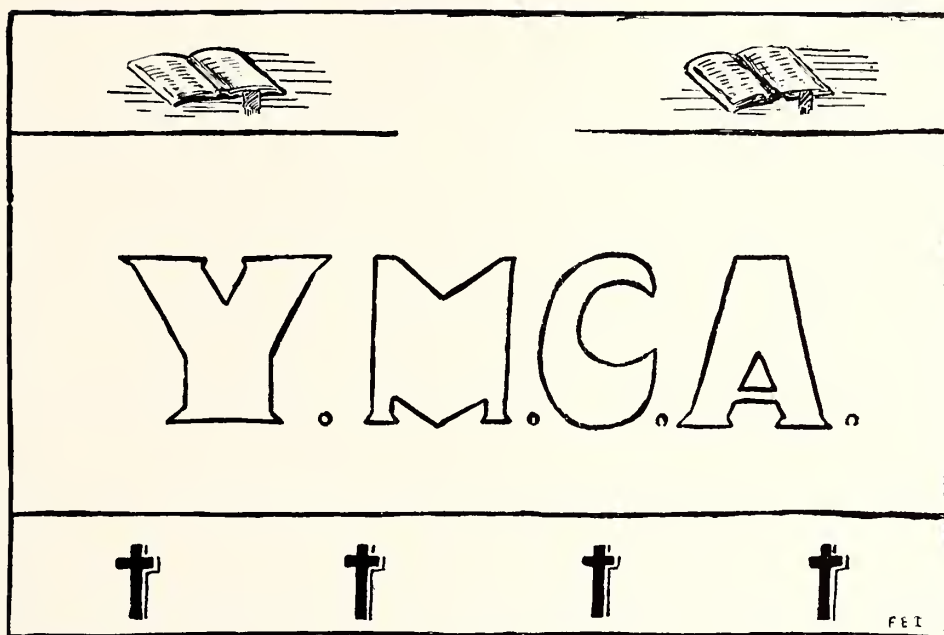
The society has a membership of twenty-four; nineteen active and five associate members. The aim of the society is best stated in the preamble of the Constitution:

“We, the undersigned young women of Cutler Academy, aiming to secure a knowledge of music, literature and art, and to secure proficiency in general discourse, do establish this constitution.”

The programs consist of musical selections, biographies, stories, papers on various subjects, and debates. Two committees have been appointed to carry on the work: a Program Committee, which has charge of all business, and an Invitation Committee. The motto—“Plus Ultra”—is characteristic of the spirit which animates the whole society.



PHILO LITERARY SOCIETY.



Officers.

President.....FRED S. CALDWELL.
 Vice-President.....HUGH McLEAN.
 Secretary.....FRED S. SAGER.
 Treasurer.....ROY M. McCLINTOCK.
 Corresponding Secretary.....JUDSON L. CROSS.

Chairmen of Committees.

Membership.....Glenn C. Spurgeon.
 Religious Meeting.....W. C. Browning.
 Finance.....Roy M. McClintock.
 AthleticBen Griffith.
 Missionary.....Ralph C. Wells.
 Outside Work.....John S. E. Houk.
 Bible Study.....Hugh McLean.

Y. M. C. A. History.



The first organization of young men of Colorado College for Christian work was effected on October 13th, 1889. Previous to that time there had been a college prayer circle for professors, students and friends, both men and women, which held weekly meetings. On this date a few young men of the college got together and undertook the organization of a College Y. M. C. A., which was completed at the formal opening meeting held in the chapel room in Palmer Hall, on November 17th, when Rev. Montague, of the Baptist Church, gave an address. Regular meetings have been held from that time on. The officers were: President, P. M. Mead; Vice-President, J. B. Kettle; Secretary, I. H. Robbins; Treasurer, T. M. Howells; and the list of members contain such names as those of F. R. Hastings, C. R. Arnold, Wilmer Culver, and Geo. H. De La Vergne.

During the ten years of its life, the association has grown steadily in numbers, spirit and influence. In all that time it has kept in close touch with the International Association, both through personal correspondence and by delegates sent to the Northfield, Mass., and Lake Geneva, Wis., summer conferences. The objects of the association, as expressed in its constitution, and kept constantly in view as the goal of its efforts, have been "the development of Christian character among its members," and the fostering of "a healthful religious life throughout the college." To this end, aside from the regular weekly prayer meetings, interest in Bible and Mission Study has been stimulated and opportunity given for healthful outside work in the missions and churches of the city.

The work of the past year has been along the lines pursued in previous years, and has been successfully carried out in almost every particular. In the fall, helpful service was rendered to the new students in many ways. They were met at the trains; were given receptions, that they might become acquainted with both old and new men; and in other ways were made to feel at home in their new surroundings.

The work of the Bible Study Committee was presented at one of the first meetings of the year. Three classes were organized and a thorough canvass of the men was made, with the result that about twenty men have taken the work throughout the year, studying either the Life of Christ, the Life and Work of St. Paul, or Old Testament Characters.

The Missionary Committee was also given a hearing at one of the early meetings, and, in connection with the Volunteer Band, has conducted a class for regular study of missions. The Membership and Finance Committees have

done good work in canvassing for members and subscriptions. There have been this year, forty-five active and seven associate members; and the budget covering the total expense of the association for the year, amounted to \$150.00.

The Religious Meeting Committee has furnished leaders for the evening prayer meetings in Hagerman Hall, and for the regular weekly meetings on Sunday afternoons. It has also provided for a number of outside speakers, among them Dr. Lancaster, Rev. R. T. Cross, D. D., of York, Neb., and Dr. Tyler, of the Christian Church of this city. It arranged with the Y. W. C. A. to have Dr. Bayley, of Denver, conduct the preparatory services for the Day of Prayer for colleges.

The Outside Work Committee has made itself felt by helpful service rendered in the Spruce Street, Huerfano, and Hillside Missions, at the Printers' Home, and elsewhere.

The association, everything considered, has been successful in its work for the year; but there is room for vast improvement and advance in every line. The potential power and influence of this body of Christian young men on the college life and town life, cannot be estimated; and it is with earnest prayers for the guidance and spirit of God for the association next year, that those who have had the work in charge this year turn over the responsibilities and privileges of their positions to new hands.





“Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”

Officers.

President.....GRACE BREWER SMITH.
 Vice-President.....ANNE ELIZABETH PARKER.
 Recording Secretary.....EDITH ALBERT.
 Corresponding Secretary.....LEONA KITELEY.
 Treasurer.....BERTHA M. CLINK.

Chairmen of Committees.

RECEPTION:

FLORENCE EMILY ISHAM.

MEMBERSHIP:

GRACE LOUISE BRADSHAW.

PRAYER MEETING:

STELLA G. CHAMBERS.

BIBLE STUDY:

ETHEL P. VAN WAGENEN.

FINANCE:

BERTHA M. CLINK.

ROOMS:

ALY M. SPENCER.

MISSIONARY:

ANNE ELIZABETH PARKER.

INTER-COLLEGIATE:

LEONA KITELEY.

ALUMNAE:

BESS D. PORTER.

MUSIC:

RUTH G. BRUSH.

Y. W. C. A. History.

The Young Woman's Christian Association is one of the oldest of the student organizations of Colorado College. In 1888, Miss Eloise Wickard, at that time instructor in English, called many of the college and academy girls together, and with her help they organized the association. There were about twenty charter members. The meetings were held in Society Hall until that room became the college Library; in the Museum, so long as it was used for chapel purposes; and in Montgomery Hall until the erection of Ticknor Hall in 1897 gave it a permanent home in the study room there.

As there were very few young women in college in 1888 and 1889, the majority of the Y. W. C. A. members were academy girls, and they found it difficult to maintain interest in the association. Had it not been for Miss Wickard's efforts, the organization would not have lived one year.

When Miss Elizabeth Wilson, a traveling secretary for the International Y. W. C. A. (as the American association was then called), visited the college, she found a number of girls deeply interested in the association, but not knowing how to plan and carry on the work. They received her with enthusiasm, and she remained with them long enough to freshen the religious life and to give the weak organization a firm business foundation. Miss Wilson persuaded them to join the International Association, and to accept their constitution, providing for officers to be elected annually, standing committees and regular cabinet meetings of the officers, and the chairmen of committees.

The real growth of the association dates from this time—the spring of 1892. In the next few years delegates were sent to the yearly state conventions and to the summer conferences at Northfield, Massachusetts, and Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The membership increased; the weekly devotional meetings became more interesting and helpful; active missionary work was done; and Bible classes were organized.

This year, the Y. W. C. A. has made a marked advance in every way; the membership has almost doubled; the Bible and Mission Study classes have many more members than in any previous year; the devotional meetings held on Sunday afternoons have been full of interest and have been very well attended. In missionary work the association is unusually strong; three of its members are Student Volunteers; it supports a worker, Miss Anna Wood, in the Inland China Mission, and each year sends a Christmas box to some mission school in New Mexico. The Y. W. C. A. is also strong financially, rigidly observing the by-law, "This association shall contract no debt," yet able to send delegates to all important conventions, and to do not a little missionary work in the city.

But the most important work the association has to perform, the purpose for which it exists, is that of strengthening the spiritual life of each of its members, of fulfilling "as to the Lord and not unto men" its clearly defined aim: "the development of Christian character in its members, and the prosecution of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of this institution."

TUDENT VOLUNTEERS

Officers.

Leader.....GLENN C. SPURGEON.
Vice-Leader.....RALPH C. WELLS.
Secretary.....ALY SPENCER.

Members.

Bertha Clink, '02.	Bessie Porter, '02.
Frank Doudna, '03.	Aly Spencer, '01.
Albert C. Hardy, '03.	Glenn C. Spurgeon, '00.
Edgar N. Layton, '00.	Ralph C. Wells, '01.
Rudolph Zumstein, '00.	

History.



One of the most important branches of work carried on by the Christian associations is that of the Volunteer Band. At various times in the history of our associations some of their members have become especially interested in missions, and led on by their love for this great work and their desire to assist personally in it, they have become volunteers and signed the declaration card, which says, "It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary."

With this object in view, the volunteers have banded themselves together for mutual helpfulness and for stimulating as much interest as possible in missions. This result is accomplished by meetings among Band members, and among the churches and Endeavor societies, together with occasional meetings with the two associations.

The first Volunteer Band of Colorado College was organized February 22, 1895, with six members. Since that time the membership and interest have gradually increased. In the year 1897-1898 the Band had thirteen members. The total number since organization has been twenty-five. Some of these are now in other institutions—medical schools and theological seminaries—completing the preparation for their work. Three, Miss Gillett, Miss DeBusk and Miss Tiffany, are now engaged in active home mission work, preparatory to entering the foreign field.

The Band acts as one branch of the Missionary Committee of the associations. The regular weekly meetings are held on Saturday nights. Although missionary topics are discussed, and plans for better work here in college and on the foreign field are considered, yet these meetings are pre-eminently meetings of prayer. The help and inspiration derived from them cannot be estimated.

The members of the Band stand ready to help in the different churches and Endeavor societies of the city. Numerous meetings have been held throughout the city in nearly every church; and this year we have a prospect for work far exceeding that of all other years.

The Band of 1899-1900 is composed of nine members, with two committees: the Band Meetings Committee and the Outside Work Committee.



GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.

Officers.

President.....HUGH McLEAN.
Secretary and Treasurer.....GLENN C. SPURGEON.
Business Manager.....S. G. HAMLIN.
Director.....C. W. BOWERS.

Members.

GLEE CLUB.

C. W. BOWERS, Director.

FIRST TENORS:

E. H. Carrington, Special. S. G. Hamlin, '02. J. Newell, '00.

SECOND TENORS:

C. W. Bowers. A. S. Ingersoll, '03. T. R. Love, '02. G. S. Spurgeon, '00.

BARITONES:

W. Lavender, Spl. L. S. Moore, '03. H. L. Ross, '02. H. L. Shantz, '01.

BASSOS:

E. N. Layton, '00. H. McLean, '01. W. W. Wiswall, Spl. T. E. Nowels.



COLORADO COLLEGE GLEE AND MANDOLIN CLUBS.

MANDOLIN CLUB.
C. W. BOWERS, Leader.

1ST MANDOLIN :

A. J. Lyman.
G. B. Phillips.

2ND MANDOLIN :

C. T. Emerich.
G. C. Lockhart.

VIOLIN :

T. R. Love.

EUPHONIUM :

H. L. Shantz.

BANJO :

E. N. Layton.

GUITARS :

C. W. Bowers.

S. G. Hamlin.

W. Lavender.

H. M. Johnson.

H. McLean.

PIANO :

W. W. Wiswall.

History.



Early in October, 1897, a few of the musical men of the college posted a notice asking all who were interested in forming a glee club to assemble in the Chapel room. Richard Lamson, '98, a member of the Amherst Club for two years, was the prime mover; he tested the voices, was elected president of the organization, and conducted the rehearsals for a few weeks, until Professor Bowers, of the Conservatory, was secured. Under Mr. Bowers' able and energetic leadership, the club rounded rapidly into form; elected C. S. Hull, a former member of the Oberlin Glee Club, business manager; and began to plan definitely to make a concert tour of the State in the spring vacation. Through the untiring efforts of Business Manager Hull, the trip was arranged and a private car secured; and on April 5th, after a few local appearances, the boys left for Walsenburg, where the first concert was given. The trip was successful in every particular, and a delightful reception at the home of Mrs. Howbert, in this city, closed the season's work very pleasantly.

The '98-'99 Club organized and settled down to hard work earlier than its predecessor. Under the management of A. W. McHendrie, '00, the club took a Christmas trip through the western part of the State. The best part of this trip was the magnificent scenery along the line of both roads—the Grand Canon, Marshall Pass, the Gunnison Valley and Hagerman Pass, with the Penitentiary at Canon City, the mines of Aspen and Leadville, and the Reform School at Buena Vista, as points of interest. The trip was successful, musically and financially, as before.

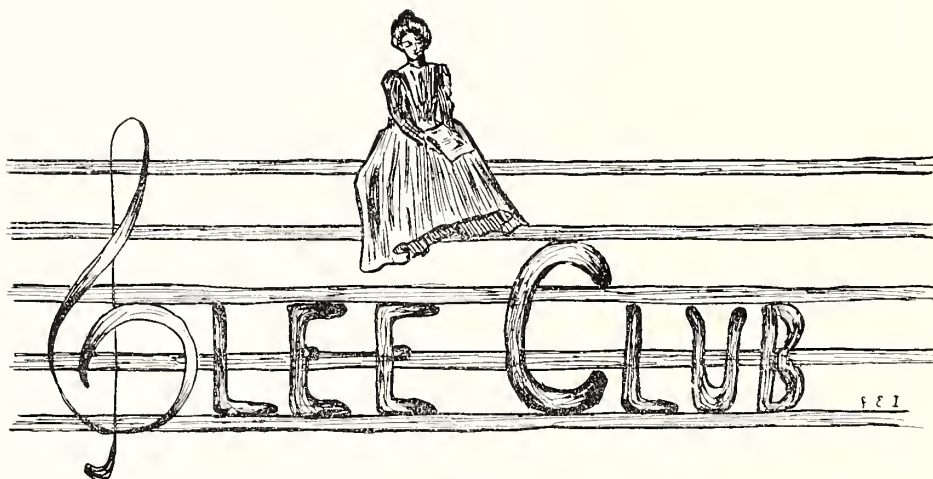
During the Easter vacation the club took an enjoyable and successful trip with Nowels, '00, as manager. Although it covered some old territory, people were as glad to see and hear the boys as ever. In the home town they sang to a big and enthusiastic house; and to wind up the season pleasantly, gave a banquet to their ladies at the Alta Vista in May.

This year's club, '99-'00, was organized as usual, early in the season, Hamlin, '02, was elected manager in the early spring. He succeeded in arranging an extensive tour through the western and southern parts of the State, with a dip into New Mexico, upon which the boys are starting as the ANNUAL goes to press. If everything turns out as planned, the trip will be the longest, and will cover the most delightful scenery, of any in the history of the organization. It includes Florence, Canon City, Salida, Montrose, Ouray, Telluride, Durango, Silverton, Antonito, Santa Fe, Alamosa, Creede, Del Norte, Pueblo, Golden, Colorado Springs and Denver.

The success of the club, since its first organization, has been complete and unbroken. One reason for this is found in the fact that the concert programs have always been of a sufficient variety and merit to please every audience, without exception, before which the club has appeared. First and most important of all, the club has always sung good music, and thanks to Professor Bowers, has sung it well. To avoid being tedious, it has also had in its repertoire a sufficient number of the jolly songs peculiar to college life. The Mandolin Club, organized this spring, has proved a very valuable addition, and by enlivening the program with its dashy, well-played marches and two-steps, has taken a great burden from the shoulders of the Glee Club. Nowels, the inimitable, has captured the audiences everywhere. Newell and Moore, as soloists, Lyman, as the star mandolin player, and Shantz, with his euphonium, have aided materially in making up a diversified and pleasing program.

One important feature of the club's work has been its self-sufficiency in financial matters. The club of '97 and '98 not only paid all expenses, but each left a balance with which to start the succeeding club.

As an advertising medium, the Glee Club has proved itself of first-rate importance: probably no other one thing has done so much in bringing Colorado College to the favorable notice of the people of this State and section. One of the ideals kept constantly in mind by the men, when out on their trips, has been: to be gentlemen always, and to have themselves recognized as such; to ask no quarter on the ground that they are "just college boys," as Glee Club men have a reputation for doing. In this they have succeeded admirably; and in the best homes in the best towns of Colorado, where they have been entertained, they have always left behind them an impression most favorable to themselves and to the college from which they came.



Officers.

President.....RUTH G. BRUSH.
 Secretary and Treasurer.....MARIE GASHWILER.
 Director.....MARGUERITE LAMB BOWERS.

Members.

FIRST SOPRANO.

Marguerite Lamb Bowers.
 Dora May Cathcart.
 Minnie N. Jackson.
 Laura M. Sandstedt.

SECOND SOPRANO.

Alice B. Coleman.
 Grace Dudley.
 Marie F. L. Gashwiler.
 Esther S. Norton.

FIRST ALTO.

Ruth G. Brush.
 Ina Gilfillan.
 Jessie A. Hart.
 Pansy Reynolds.

SECOND ALTO.

Ethelwyn Fezer.
 Osie Smith.
 Florence H. Towle.

History.



The Young Ladies' Glee Club of Colorado College is a comparatively young organization, being now in the second year of its existence. From time to time in previous years efforts had been made to form a glee club among the girls in college, but from lack of interest, or other reasons, none of those attempts were successful. Consequently, when reports of a new organization began to be heard about the campus at the opening of college in the fall of '98, considerable interest was shown, and various opinions expressed as to its probable outcome.

In October of '98, the Glee Club was organized, and under the leadership of Miss Marguerite Bowers, carried on a successful year's work. Shortly afterwards a mandolin club also was formed in connection with the Glee Club, and this contributed no small amount towards making the season a successful one.

On March 24th, 1899, the two clubs gave their first concert in the Congregational Church. An excellent program was prepared and given in a most pleasing and satisfactory way. The concert was a distinct success, and the girls felt well repaid for their work. The club sang during the year at several entertainments given at the college, and established an enviable reputation for itself.

When the students came together again in the fall, the former members were waiting to take up the work again, and many new girls were anxious to get a place on the club if possible. The sad fact revealed itself, when the club assembled, that only five of the old girls were back this year. This fact encouraged the new aspirants, as there were eleven vacancies to fill. About forty girls came with fear and trembling to go through the ordeal of "trying" their voices. The fortunate eleven were chosen and the work began. Two rehearsals a week were held during the year, and very good work was done.



Officers.

President.....F. S. CALDWELL, Supreme Superior Spouter.
 Vice-President.....OTWAY PARDEE, Grand Growler.
 Secretary.....MISS WIGGIN, Omnipresent Objector.
 Treasurer....."PEGGY" HOYNE, Everlasting Execrator.
 Censor.....MISS DIACK, Matchless Maledictor.

Qualifications.

No one is admitted to membership in this club who was not born either in the Objective or Accusative case. Only those born in both cases are eligible to office.

It is the purpose of this club to kick upon any and all occasions, in any and all ways, at any and all things. When there are no others to kick, the members practice on each other.

The club motto is: "Kiconia est Kicinna;" which being interpreted is, "Kick till you kick out."

The symbol is a kangaroo kicking the kinks out of a coyote.

Occasionally they kick a stone wall and get hurt, but a kicker with a sore toe, or a sore head, is a martyr and saint.

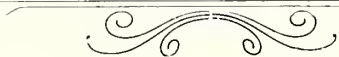
The club is in a flourishing condition—flourishing its hands in wrath at everything that does, or does not take place.

All students and professors are eligible to membership, except those who, having lost one or both legs, cannot kick.

This, a worthy institution, is at present alive and kicking, and deserves treatment according to its own precepts.

Long may it kick!!

...Events...



Inter-State Debate.



Colorado College versus University of Nebraska.

COLORADO SPRINGS, APRIL 29, 1899.



INTER-STATE DEBATERS '99

Question: Resolved: that the United States should annex the Philippines.

AFF. (U. OF N.)

P. B. Weaver.
A. Bollenbach.
W. F. McNaughton.

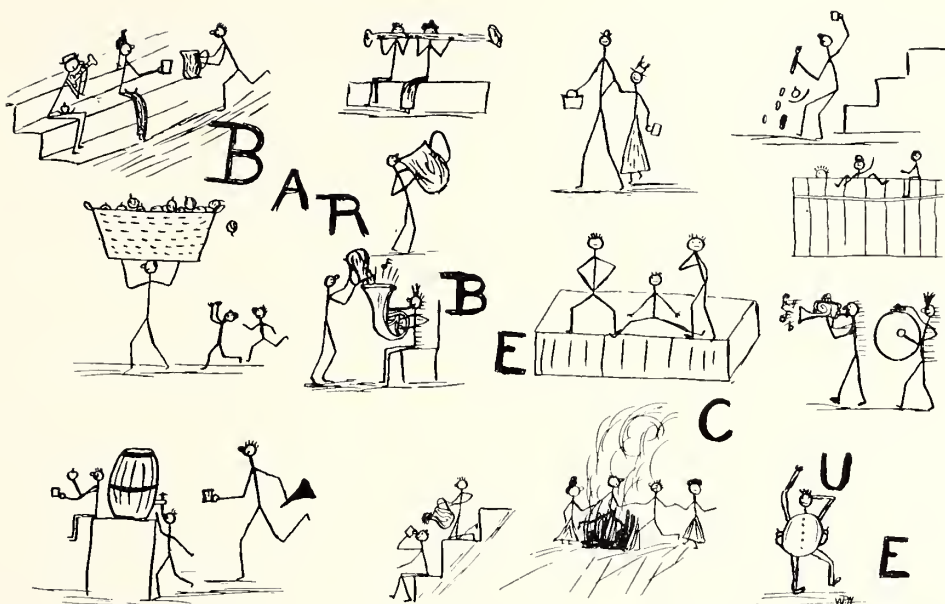
NEG. (COLO. COL.)

W. R. Armstrong.
J. D. Clark.
W. C. Browning.

JUDGES:

Dr. W. F. McDowell, of Denver.
Mr. Henry T. Rogers, of Denver.
Mr. Chas. H. Stickney, of Pueblo.

Judges decided in favor of Negative.



Thursday Evening, November 2, 1899,

AT WASHBURN FIELD.

Committee.

B. Merrill Holt, Chairman.

Harry L. Ross.

Sperry S. Packard

Carrie C. Kramer.

Kate Kiteley.

Bill of Fare.

ENTREE.

Bread.

MEATS.

Sheep.

RELISHES.

Peanuts.

Apples.

DRINKS.

Cider.

DESERT.

Stomachus Aeger.

Pig.

Cow.

Music by the Midland Band.

Local Oratorical Contest.



Perkins Auditorium, January 22nd, 1900.

Program.



"Expansion for the United States".....	H. L. Ross, '02.
"Rome vs. Carthage".....	E. L. Holden, '02.
"Present-day Incentives to Patriotism".....	B. L. Rice, '01.
"Universal Peace".....	F. C. Sager, '03.
"Personality".....	W. L. Platt, '02.
"The Uses of War".....	S. S. Packard, '02.
"America's Duty".....	E. E. Cooley, '00.

Judges.

Mr. Robert Kerr.

Mr. Otis S. Johnson.

Mr. K. R. Babbitt.

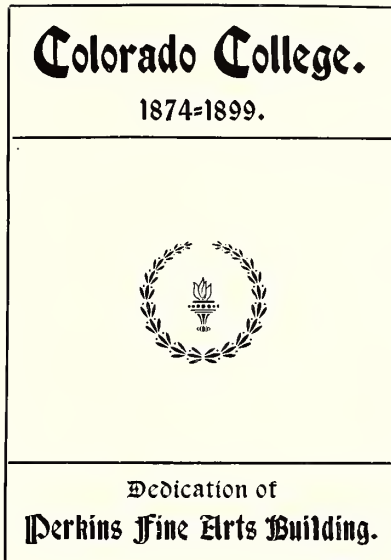
Decision of Judges.

First Place....."The Uses of War."

Second Place....."Universal Peace."

Third Place....."Present-day Incentives to Patriotism."

**Twenty-Fifth
Anniversary.**



**February
7th, 8th, 9th and 10th,
1900.**

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH.

8 P. M. to 10 P. M.—Private Exhibition of Paintings by Colorado Artists.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7TH.

10 A. M. to 5 P. M.—Exhibition of Paintings by Colorado Artists.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH.

10 A. M. to 4 P. M.—Art Exhibition Continued.

4-6 P. M.—Public Reception given to President Wheeler, of the University of California, by the Trustees and Faculty of Colorado College, in the Music and Art Rooms.

7:30 P. M.—I. Historical Address by President William F. Slocum.

II. Address by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler,

“The Elective System in Higher Education.”

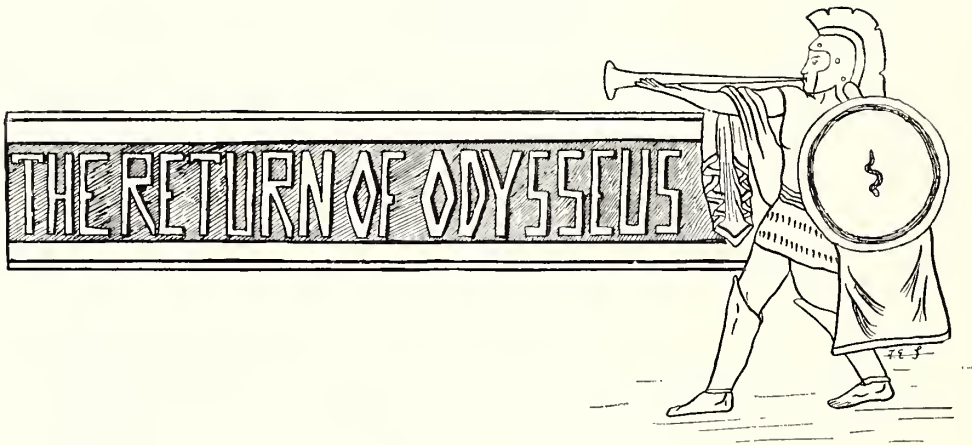
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH.

10 A. M. to 5 P. M.—Art Exhibition Continued.

8 P. M.—Presentation of Greek Play by Students of Colorado College, under the direction of Miss Mabel Hay Barrows, in the Auditorium.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH.

2:30 P. M.—Second Presentation of the Greek Play.



Dramatis Personae.

Odysseus	Armstrong.	Pontonus	McClintock.
Telemachus	A. C. Ingersoll.	Penelope	M. H. Barrows.
Alcinous	Layton.	Athene	Jean Diack.
Laodamas	Sager.	Circe.....	Mrs. Cajori.
Echineus	Knuckey.	Arete	Ella Graber.
Euryalus	A. S. Ingersoll.	Nausicaa.....	Grace Dudley.
Amphialus	Floyd.	Eurycleia.....	Blanche Atchison.
Elatreus	Lamson.	Eurynome.....	Ella Fillius.
Phemius	Newell.	Actoris.....	Lillian Johnson.
Priestess.....			Miss McClintock.

Dancers, Athletes and Ball-players.

The Return of Odysseus.



"Perkins Fine Arts Hall" not only fulfills a present need, but anticipates the larger demands made by an increase in educational activity. It is an earnest of those lines of study which will broaden and enrich the curriculum of Colorado College. In his dedicatory address, President Wheeler, of Berkeley, discussed the tendencies in modern education, building his theories and basing his arguments on scholastic history, and reaching forward in prophecy to future conditions and requirements, emphasizing always the dependence of the new upon the old.

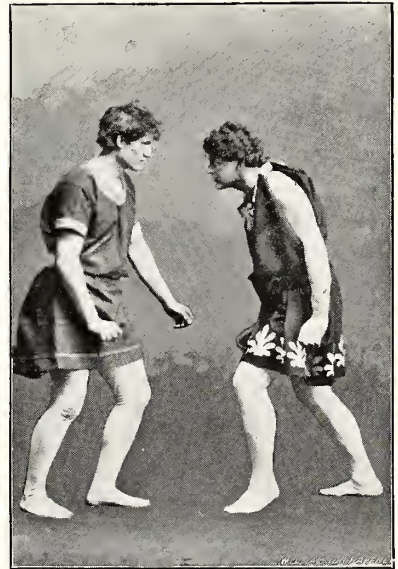
What could be more fitting than that a real Greek play should be a feature in the Dedication Exercises? Presented entirely by students, given in classical Greek, it had a peculiar significance on this occasion. The giving of Greek plays by college students is a custom which dates far back in history, when Latin and Greek were the languages of scholars. To find the same custom prevailing in modern times indicates that scholars,

though now far removed from ancient forms, still recognize and acknowledge the importance of the classics.

The presentation of "The Return of Odysseus" was an ambitious undertaking, and was accomplished only after earnest effort on the part of every one engaged in it. The lines were taken from Homer's *Odyssey*, such being chosen as relate to the home-coming of the hero. The individual parts which require the learning of these Greek lines, were admirably given. But the most enduring impressions, and those which most completely took the spectator back to antiquity, were due to the concerted work in the Hymn of Apollo; the dancing of Nausicaa and her maidens; and the games and dances before Odysseus and King Alcinous.

Greek words and music of a hymn to Apollo, discovered at Delphi in 1893, were chanted by the actors as they advanced to the altar and offered sacrifices, according to ancient custom.

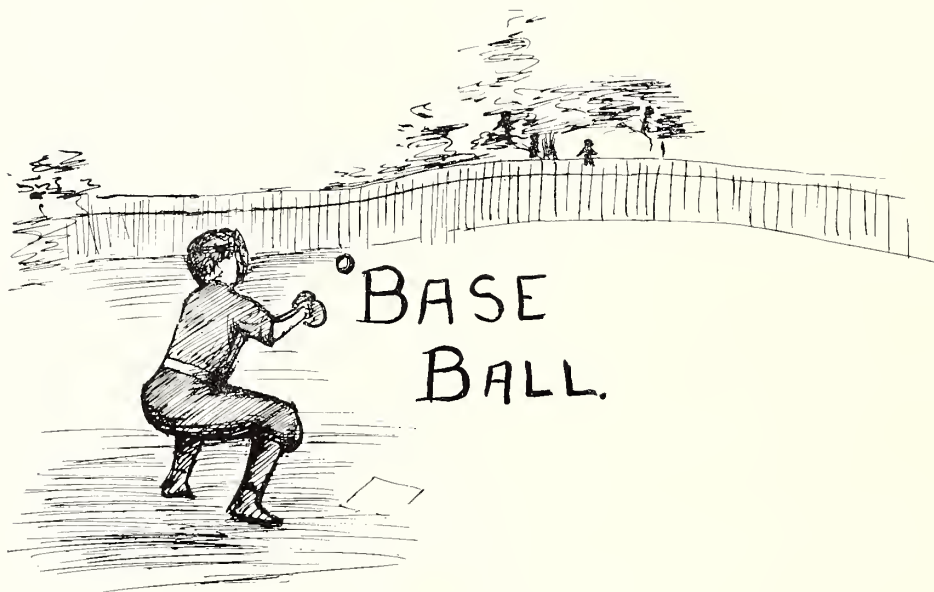
The second scene of especial interest showed Nausicaa and her maidens playing a lively game of ball. Here again, classic music aided the imagination in picturing ancient times.



After Odysseus had been welcomed to the home of King Alcinous, the young men of the court entertained him with games of manly prowess. The effect here was so realistic, so true to all preconceived ideas of Greek games, that in this scene lay the greatest success of the play.







SEASON OF '99.

“THE POWERS THAT BE.”

Captain.....A. WATSON MCHENDRIE, '00.
 Coach.....JOHN D. CLARKE, Lafayette, '98.
 Manager.....ROY M. MCCLINTOCK, '00.

Who Played.

Cooley.....3rd B.	Griffith.....S. S.
Meade.....2nd B.	Brown.....L. F. and P.
McHendrie (c).....1st B.	Clarke.....C. F. and P.
Gearin.....P. and L. F.	Armstrong.....R. F.
Packard.....Catcher.	Nowels.....C. F.
Holt.....R. F.	

Some Comparisons.

C. C., 26.....E. D. H. S., 0	C. C., 5.....U. of C., 5
C. C., 25.....D. U., 7	C. C., 8.....Ft. Logan, 5
C. C., 23.....C. A. C., 4	C. C., 9.....S. S. M., 4
C. C., 4.....S. S. M., 10	C. C., 10.....U. of C., 1
C. C., 15.....D. U. 8	



MEAD (2d b.)

DRYSDALE (sub.)

GEARIN (p.)

BROWN (l. f.)

COOLEY (3d b.)

HOLT (r. f.)

MCCUTCHEON (mgr.)

MCHENDRIE (c) (1st b)

CLARKE (c. f.)

ARMSTRONG (l. f.)

PACKARD (c)

GRUFFITH (s. s.)

(coach)

STATE CHAMPIONS '19.

There were three prominent factors, which, above everything else, brought victory and the intercollegiate championship to the Colorado College Base Ball Team of '99. First: the inspiration given to the team by Coach Clarke; second: hard practice throughout the season; third: the ability to play an up-hill game.

Clarke's qualities as a ball player, and his knack of getting all the work possible out of the men, hardly need comment. Suffice it to say, that when Clarke was on the field, a rattling good practice was always assured, and when he was absent, it was too often the other way.

The team worked harder than any base-ball team Colorado College has ever had. Long and hard practice was the rule; and there was always present a spirit of earnestness which permitted no shirking.

The ability of the team to play an up-hill game was a quality which no athletic team of Colorado College had hitherto shown to any marked extent. From being third in the race for the championship early in the season, the team finished strong by easily defeating S. S. M., U. of C., and D. U., at Golden, Boulder and Denver respectively.

When Captain McHendrie called the players together for preliminary practice, there were only four men of the '98 championship team present; the three outfielders and the first baseman. However, the men worked hard and won the first three games easily. Then S. S. M. was found to be the "real thing," and defeated us badly. Here it was that everyone realized that there must be a big brace. So the team started out by playing a tie game with U. of C., and defeating the strong team from Fort Logan on the home grounds. The next three games were to be played away from home, and against teams of which, one had tied Colorado College, one had defeated her badly, and the last (D. U.) was first in the championship race. But the team was equal to the emergency, came out with flying colors, and won the Championship Cup presented by the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

The fielding was excellent throughout the season, two or three errors being what was usually charged up against the team. The fact that four men had a percentage of 400 or over in batting, showed what kind of "stick" work the men were doing.

To sum up, it may be said that it was one of the most remarkable seasons, and one of the most successful teams that Colorado College has ever had.





Football Season of '99.



Captain.....BEN. GRIFFITH, '01.
Coach and Manager.....JOHN D. CLARKE, Lafayette, '98.

Players.

J. S. E. Houk	}Left End	Elmore Floyd.....Right Tackle
H. B. Herr			F. S. Caldwell.....Right End
Ben. Griffith (c)	Left Tackle	W. C. Browning.....Quarter Back
Otway W. Pardee.....Left Guard			E. E. Cooley.....Left Half Back
Hildreth Frost.....Center			Marshall Jonson....Right Half Back
O. F. Lamson.....Right Guard			Sperry S. Packard.....Full Back

Games.

C. C. 40	E. D. H. S..... 0
C. C. 0	*D. A. C..... 6
C. C. 6	D. W. C..... 6
C. C. 5	D. W. C..... 12
C. C. 17	U. of C..... 5
C. C. 17	S. S. M. 0

*Forfeited by C. C.



JONSON

FLOYD

PARDEE

PACKARD

LAMSON

FROST

COOLEY

HOUK

HERR

GRIFFITH (c)
BROWNING

CLARKE

CALDWELL

INTER-COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS, '99.

The Colorado College Foot Ball Team of '99, intercollegiate champions of Colorado, was undoubtedly the best team the college ever put in the field. Many of last year's team were again wearing the tiger stripes, and some of the new material was excellent. With a good coach, and with the experience of the old men, the game very naturally was an improvement over that of last year. Better team work, quicker and fiercer attack, and more scientific defense characterized the work.

A brief personal mention of the men who have contributed to our success may not be out of place. Coach John D. Clarke comes in for a large share of credit for his hard, faithful and conscientious work with the team. He possesses two qualities very essential to a good coach—the power of exciting and holding the respect and admiration of the men, and that sort of enthusiasm over his work which is contagious and inspiring.



Captain Ben. Griffith, '01, was an important factor in the season's success. As a player, he proved himself one of the most hard working and aggressive members of the team; he is always in the game, seldom down with an injury, and is a terror to his opponent, both in offence and defense. He played left tackle. As captain, he encouraged and inspired his men to do their

best; and his unanimous election as captain for the team of '00, shows the confidence they felt in him. With his added experience he will undoubtedly add new laurels to those that already crown his flaxen locks.

Browning, '00, quarter-back, played his fourth year in that position last fall. He was Captain in '97 and '98. Although the most diminutive man on the team, he always makes himself felt; he is fast, a sure tackler, a sure passer and always plays a cool-headed game. Floyd, '00, right tackle, another veteran in the service, is generally conceded to be one of the best tackles in the State. His defensive work is fine; and through holes of his manufacture our best and surest gains were made. Cooley, '00, left half, played a brilliant game this year; he is a consistent ground-gainer, a hard line plunger, and is especially strong on defense. Caldwell, '00, right end, has the reputation of being the fiercest player on the team. He is a strong defensive end, a fast running back, a sure, hard tackler, and a speedy man on punts. Packard, '02, full-back, carried off the

honors of the State for that position. He has a way of ramming his lanky form through the line with terrific force; and as a punter, out-classes any other man on the Colorado gridiron. Jonson, '03, right half, made long gains as a running half, and bucked the line well. But he made his reputation as a place-kicker. Against every team that Colorado College met this year he scored a Princeton. Forty-two yards was his longest distance. "Chilly" Frost, '02, center, is steady and accurate in passing, and on defense, his breaking through and tackling is a source of terror to his opponents. Herr, Special, played left end when not injured. His work was brilliant; fast and sure on punts, absolutely reliable on defense. Pardee, '01, left guard, played his first year with the Tigers last fall. His work showed marked and consistent improvement through the season,



and he finished with a fine record. Houk, '03, played left end when Herr was injured. His work was very good, especially on the defensive. Lamson, right guard, was the only academy man. His work was splendid; strong on offense, and a whirlwind on defense. There was no steadier or surer player on the team. Among the substitutes who did good work

are D. G. Rice, Moore, Drysdale and Hoyne.

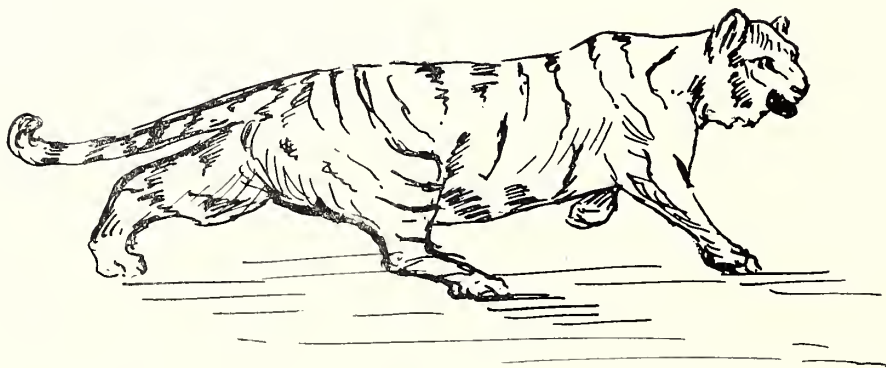
The championship of '99 is the culmination of a remarkable improvement in the team during the last four years. In those old days our delicate little heroes shivered onto the field, knees beating tattoo, to submit almost without a murmur to slaughter.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to *do*, but *die*."

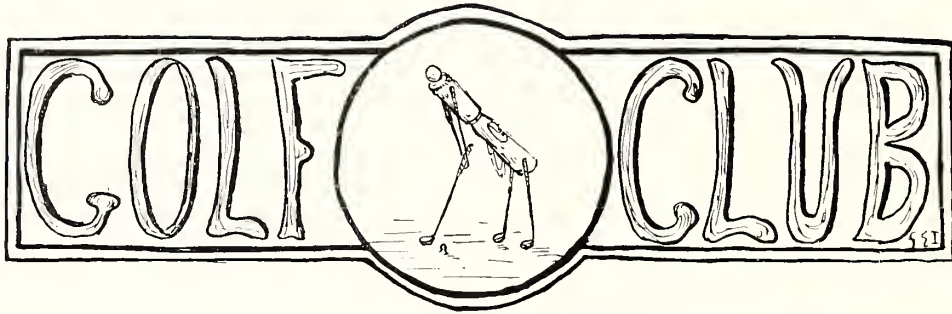
The question was never one of winning, but one of keeping down the opponent's score, and of scoring, if possible, on a fluke. He who suggested *possible* victory was derided; he who thought victory *probable* was a heretic; and so of course expecting defeat, our team invariably got it worse than they had expected. In '96 Boulder simply crushed our tender little team with a score of 50 to 0. In '98 Boulder went down to defeat with 22 to 0 ringing in her horrified ears. Boulder was unprepared for that surprise; but in '99, measuring well the strength of her enemy, yet confident in her own strength, Boulder fell, fighting bravely to the end a hopeless battle, dying with her face to the foe.

Score: C. C., 17; S. U., 5. Golden, hitherto invincible, or else protected by a magic charm, was routed on Thanksgiving Day by a score of 17 to 0.

Four years ago at the very bottom; to-day at the top. This record may not seem remarkable; yet when one considers that, with less than one hundred men in all to choose from, we have risen from the High School class to that of the best, one must confess that this is marvelous. How has it come about? The explanation is found in the great and effective development of the kicking game, in the variety in our style of play, and most of all, in the growth of that splendid "Tiger Spirit" that has enabled us to hold so magnificently the terrific attacks of the Boulder tandem; that spirit never says die; that spirit fights the battle through from whistle to whistle; that spirit inspires men to say, "I can if I will, and I will." Faithful work, hard work, self-sacrificing work, and a firm devotion to the belief that spirit and determination are half the battle, have done for Colorado College what nothing else could have done. Fighting up hill, struggling against almost overwhelming odds, this spirit has finally conquered. Colorado College will remain at the head just so long as that "Tiger Spirit" lives.







Officers.

President.....	W. S. BROWNING.
Vice-President.....	GRACE L. BRADSHAW.
Secretary-Treasurer.....	FLORENCE EMILY ISHAM.

Since the gown element has been so decidedly driven out of the "Town and Gown Golf Club" by the Town element, Colorado College has been without that necessary part of college life—a golf club. A short time ago the golf fever ran so high that a few meetings of "those interested in golf" resulted in a well organized club.

The mesa is an ideal locality for golf links, and it is here that the club has laid out its course. The first tee is but a short walk from the college and a delightful place for the club house, which the ambitious club expects to have before many years.

The club is already quite large, being composed of about thirty-five members, and is continually increasing.

With such an enthusiastic start, and with the large number of golfers who have joined, the club promises to become one of the most popular of our college organizations.





Princeton Basket Ball Team.



(College Champions.)

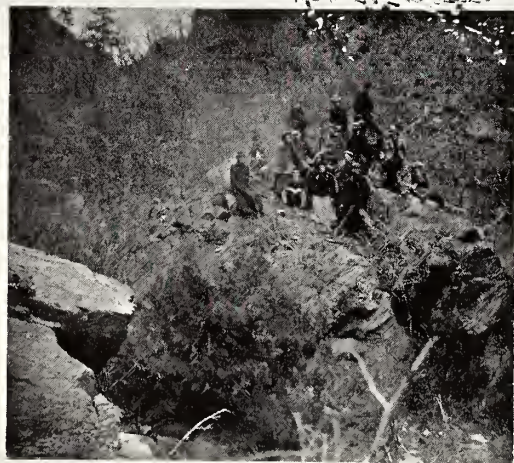
G. B. Smith, '00.....	Center (Captain)
L. Currier, '03.....	Center
G. Dudley, '03.....	Right Forward
M. Wheeler, '01.....	Left Forward
C. J. Diack, '00.....	Right Guard
A. Ashenfelter, '02.....	Left Guard
L. Kiteley, '00.....	Business Manager



Vale Basket Ball Team.

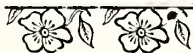


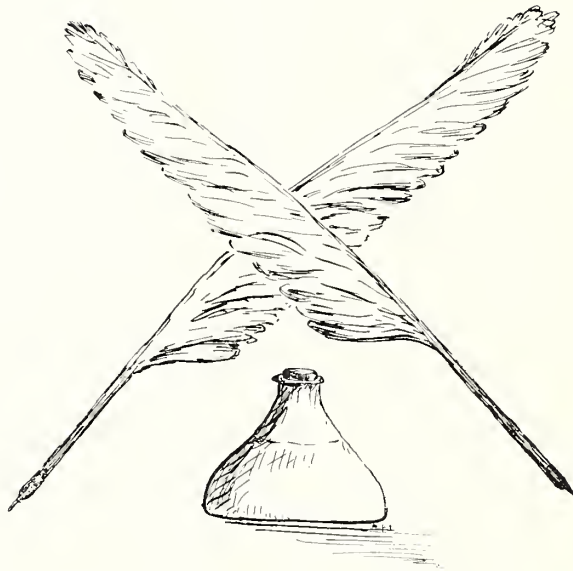
F. E. Isham.....	Right Guard (Captain)
K. Kiteley, '02.....	Left Guard
E. Van Wagenen, '01.....	Right Forward
L. Johnson, '00.....	Left Forward
R. Brush, '02.....	Center
G. Bradshaw, '01.....	Center
M. Cathcart, '00.....	Substitute
M. McClintock, '01.....	Business Manager



SOME FAMILIAR SCENES.

Publications





THE "NUGGET" BOARD.

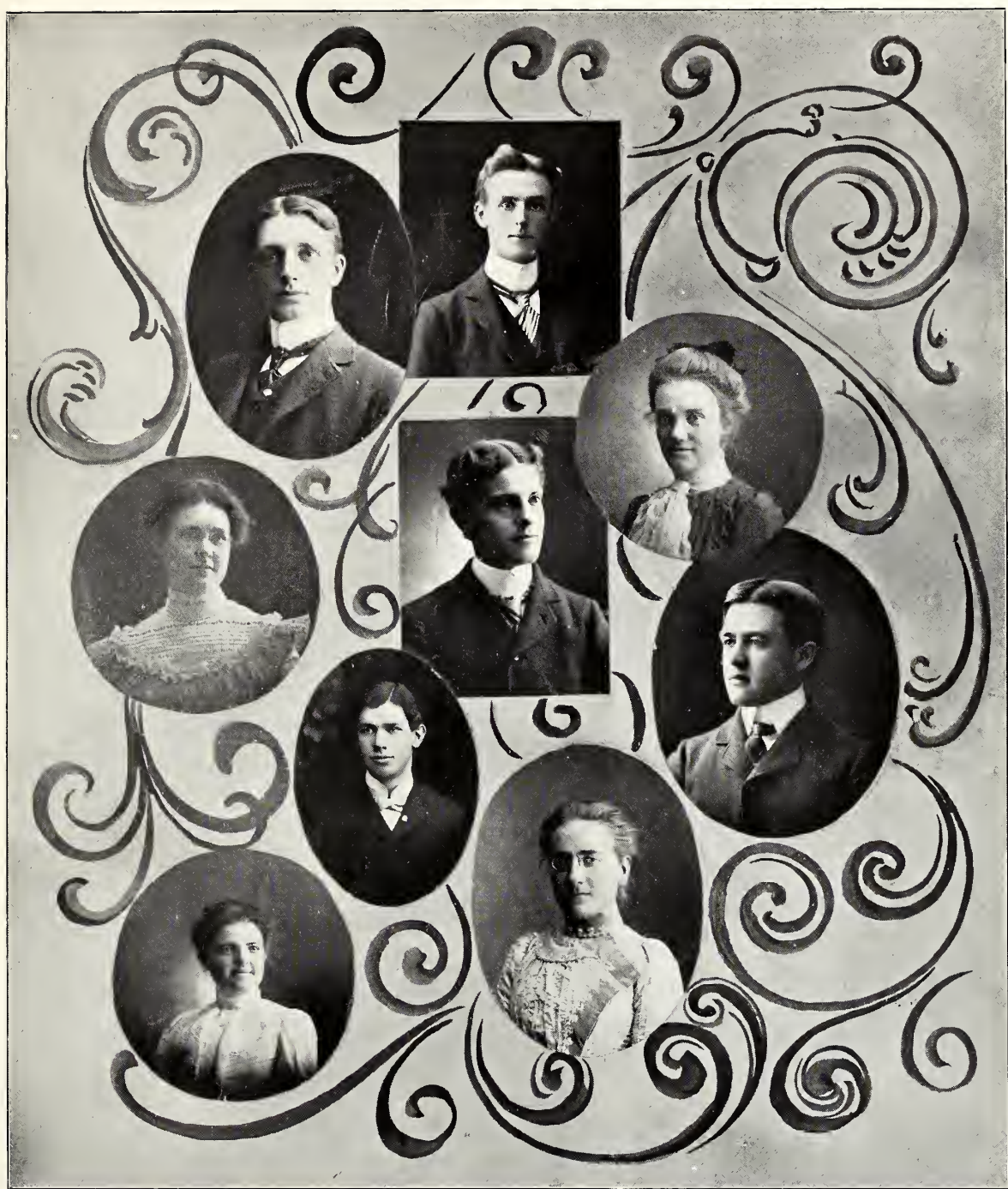


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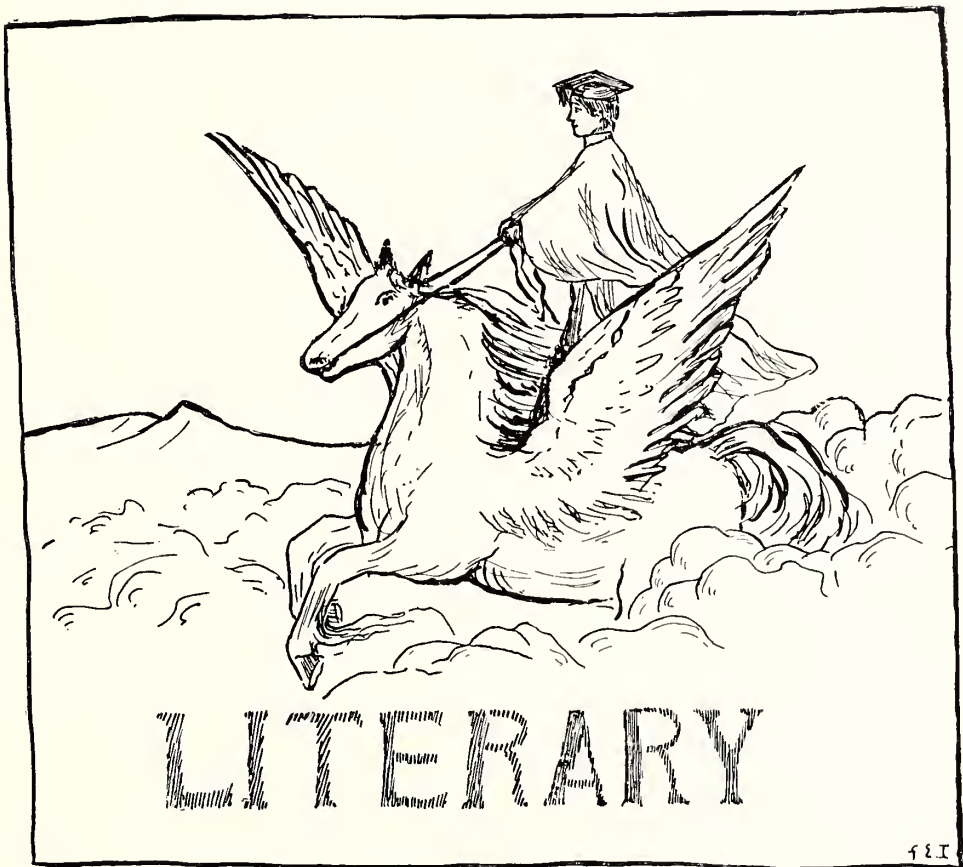
VOLUME EIGHTH.

Issued in April, 1900.

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Nugget Prizes.



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Third—Ethel P. Van Wagenen, '01—"Chased by a Bull."

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Second—Hugh McLean, '01—"O Youth, on Scholarly Attainment Bent."

Third—Eva May, '00—"A Sonnet."

A BOLT THAT WENT ASTRAY.



BY

ROBERT TUNSTALL WALKER, 'OO.

"Hello, Carroll."

"Hel-lo, Maxwell, old boy. Delighted to see you're back. When did— Oh, turn around, you freak. Great Scott! I feel like bow-stringing every body that plays that bewhiskered old joke on me. You're the 'steenth fellow that's done it this morning, too. Still, its just like you. Runs in the family, too, don't it? You came from a family of chuckle-heads, I'll bet. Hope you'll never bring any of 'em down. One's enough."

"I'm awful sorry," said Maxwell, trying to assume an injured look, but with a lurking smile playing about his mouth, "especially as"—here he turned and disclosed a youth who had been following him—"this is my cousin, Fred Smith, who will be a Freshman here this year." This with a malicious little emphasis on the word cousin.

"Er-hum," coughed Carroll in some confusion, and flushing, "glad-er-glad to have you meet me, Mr. Smith. Er-hum, come in and sit down."

They came in. Smith took possession of the chair which Carroll indicated to him with a wave of his hand, and Maxwell flung himself upon the bed. Carroll seated himself in another chair and tilted back in it.

An awkward silence followed. Carroll had not yet recovered from the embarrassment consequent upon his unfortunate remark, and he was casting about in his mind for a suitable apology for it. Smith would willingly have assisted him, but he didn't quite know how to begin, so he held his tongue, and contented himself with staring curiously at the pictures and trophies that adorned the walls of the room. Maxwell enjoyed the situation too much to relieve it. He lay back on the bed, watching with a smile Carroll's obvious disquietude. He noted that Carroll, in his embarrassment, had tilted back in his chair, until he was on the verge of capsizing backwards. The chance was too good to be lost. So he slyly stretched forth his leg, inserted his foot under the lower round, and gave a sudden twitch. By a convulsive spasm that doubled him up like a hinge, Carroll managed to keep from going over, but the chair

clattered to the floor. Maxwell lay back on the bed, laughing and shielding his head with his hands, and Carroll stood over him.

"You villain," exclaimed Carroll, laughing himself, but making threatening motions with his hands, "at your old tricks again, hey? You're a dignified Soph, I don't think. If I wasn't a Senior, and a member of the floor committee into the bargain, I'd rough house you. You want to look out for him, Mr. Smith," he continued, addressing the new-comer, "he's a holy terror."

"Yes," said Maxwell dreamily, addressing the ceiling, "I belong to a family of chuckle-heads."

Carroll broke the painful silence that ensued with the remark: "Seen the Dean yet?"

"Nope," said Maxwell wearily, "that pleasure is in reserve."

A long pause, then a desperate plunge by Carroll: "We had great larks with the Dean two years ago, if you would like to hear it."

"Well, fire away," said Maxwell, with the countenance of a martyr. "Since we've got the Dean to see, we might as well get into an appropriate state of mind."

Thus encouraged, Carroll proceeded: "Two years ago, when I was a Soph, and before that thing," indicating Maxwell with a disdainful jerk of his thumb, "had hurt the institution by coming here, the regular Dean fell sick and had to take a vacation, and the faculty imported a substitute for the remainder of the year. The substitute was a little Englishman, but you would never have guessed his nationality if it hadn't been for the fact that he'd drop his h's when excited. He was pretty dudish, always had clothes in the latest fashion, and wore a tall, shiny stove-pipe that the fellows were itching to have a shy at."

"Now, my room-mate that year was Mark Carr, the most abandoned practical joker, I think, I ever met. I honestly believe he'd cheerfully forego the pleasure of attending the funeral of his dearest enemy to work a practical joke. He was a regular sly-boots; about all he did was to think up deviltry, and he was forever getting into scrapes, and then getting out of them again by the skin of his teeth. 'Course, I never used to help him in any of his pranks, and I always tried to dissuade him from them, when I knew about it before hand."

The derisive snort with which Maxwell received this statement taxed the politeness of the visitor severely, but Carroll continued serenely:

"Naturally, Mark didn't stand in good odor with any of the faculty, and he was the new Dean's pet abomination, because of a pernicious habit he had of invariably forgetting to use his h's when in that gentleman's presence. Once the Dean so far forgot himself as to start in to remonstrate with Mark about this, but he got so flustered and excited that, without knowing it, he began murdering h's himself, and about half the college was around enjoying the spectacle

before he came to a realizing sense of himself. Mark nearly got fired for that, but he managed to get out of it somehow."

"But the principal butt of Mark's jokes was a fellow named Vanrenen, who was a Special here that year. That fellow was one of the most conceited dudes I ever saw. He was a regular fop. He dressed in the swellest clothes, he carried a monstrous cane, his neckties were truly wonderful creations, and I don't think I ever saw him when it wasn't raining in London. When he condescended to address you it was with an air of conscious superiority that was maddening. He used to go around with his mouth ajar and a look of expressionless vacancy upon his face. I suppose, however, that he himself would characterize it as aristocratic hauteur. Mark despised and hated this fellow. He used to call him a drooling idiot, and other endearing names of a similar nature, and he wasn't always careful to reserve his comments for behind his back. Still, I didn't wholly blame Mark. Because, you see, Mark took his best girl to a party during the first part of the year, and she met Vanrenen there and thought he was just too too for anything. She became quite infatuated with him, and he monopolized her for the whole evening. It was awfully funny, but Mark couldn't see the point. He'd stand and glower at them for a bit, and then he'd walk up and down the hall and rage; then he'd come back and glare some more. When the party broke up I had almost to use personal violence to keep him from assaulting Vanrenen. Naturally, this did not increase Mark's love for Vanrenen, and he swore he'd get even with him before the year was out.

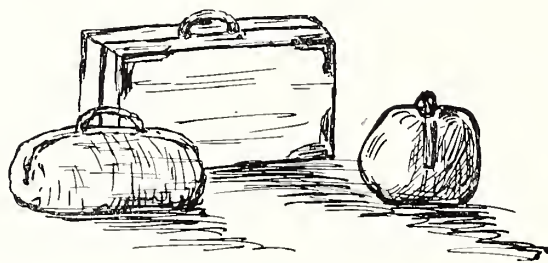
"Well, one day—it was in December, the last day before the Christmas holidays began—Mark was lazying on the bed, playing with Tommy, and I was sweating blood over my Sophomore oration, and punctuating it with pious ejaculations. He—Oh, I didn't tell you who Tommy was, did I? Why, Tom-



my was an old, disreputable tom-cat that had been hanging about the Hall ever since it had been constructed, I guess. He's come to grief since, but he was in all his bloom then. He'd had all sorts of hair-breadth escapes from dogs and from expeditions out foraging for biological material, and he seemed to bear a charmed life. The fellows used to pet him a good deal, and they called him the college cat, because he was striped black and yellow—college colors, you see. They used to take him to the foot-ball games as a mascot, until one day he got into an argument with a brindled pup that the U. had brought along as their mascot. Tommy came out of the fray with flying colors, and the fellows were immensely delighted, especially as we won the game into the bargain. But Prexy was

quite horrified, and he issued a ukase forbidding Tommy's presence on the football field any more, so his usefulness as a mascot ceased. Tommy was a pretty good cat on the whole, the only objection being that he was too garrulous at night."

"Well, to come back to the subject, as I said, Mark was playing on the bed with Tommy, when all at once he got up, tucked him under his arm and left the room. I didn't pay much attention, because I was busy scribbling on that blamed oration. But Mark returned soon with such a broad grin on his face that I knew that he had played a joke on somebody. At first he wouldn't tell me what he had done, but finally he confessed that Vanrenen was going



home that day, and that his three grips were standing already packed in his room. He had watched until Vanrenen left the room, then he had gone in, dropped Tommy, the cat, into a black grip which contained Vanrenen's dress suit and was standing unlocked, and had closed the

grip. Of course, I expostulated with Mark, and explained to him the iniquity of what he had done, and—"

"Oh, yes," commented Maxwell, with an extravagance of inflection that provoked a laugh from Smith.

"Dry up," exclaimed Carroll, emphasizing his remark with a sofa-pillow.

"Where was I," he continued. "Oh, yes. I told him that the cat might smother in there; but he said, trust Tommy to make his presence known if things didn't suit him. That was true, too, so I said no more. He said he was going down to the station, and he wanted me to come along and see the fun. I had to finish the oration, however, so he gave me his blessing and departed.

"Well, about five minutes after, I happened to be down in the hallway, scrutinizing the bulletin-board, when Vanrenen came down the stairs, nearly swamped under the burden of his three grips. He said he had forgotten something in his room, and he asked me to put his grips in the express wagon for him. I was accommodating. The express wagon came up then and I tossed the valises up to the expressmen, of which there were two. As I handed up the black valise I felt something moving in it. So then Vanrenen hadn't discovered Tommy yet. The express wagon drove off at a lively rate, and I could see the grips lurching and bounding about in the bottom like ships in a heavy swell. Now, I knew Tommy was too determined an old rascal to stand such treatment as that without a protest, and I didn't think it would be long before he'd rise to a point of order. Sure enough, just before the express wagon disappeared around the corner, I saw both men turn in their seats and stare back in the wagon. I had little doubts but that Tommy had begun to tune up, but I had

no time to speculate, because just then out came Vanrenen, all dressed for traveling.

"You've more luggage than usual, haven't you?" I said carelessly.

"No, I hardly believe so," said he, hauling on his groves. "That black valise belongs to the Dean; he's going as far as Kansas City with me, and as he was a good deal rushed this morning, he asked me to send it down with mine. Well, au revoir, till after the holidays." He climbed into the cab that had been waiting for him and drove away.

"Well, I fell up against a hitching post to catch my breath. Great Heavens, what a fix! Mark had made a beef, and had put that outrageous old feline in the Dean's grip—in with his dress suit, too. And that dress suit was the apple of his eye. Well, I jumped on my bike as soon as I had sufficiently got my bearings again, and the way I annihilated space down to the railroad station was a caution. You could have played checkers on my coat tails all the way down. I found Mark leaning up against some trunks, and gloating fondly over Vanrenen, who had just arrived, and who was attitudinizing on the platform, with a complacent smirk upon his face. I threw a hurried glance around. Yes, the Dean was there, talking with some friends. I didn't have much breath left, but I managed to gasp out to Mark what I had found out at the Hall. He raised his eyebrows and whistled, then shrugged his shoulders and said, 'well, it couldn't be helped.' 'Nonsense,' I said, 'the express wagon hasn't come in yet, has it?' 'No.' 'Well, then,' I said, 'what's the matter with going back a bit and stopping the wagon, and taking the cat out?' 'No use,' he said, 'I haven't got the key to the valise, and any way, its too late. Look there.' There, sure enough, was the express wagon coming down the street. So there was nothing to do but to let things take their course. The wagon drove up to the platform, and if I had had any doubts as to whether Tommy had spoken up during the transit, they would have been dispelled by the appearance of the expressmen.

"How'd they look?" queried Maxwell, who was having a fit, to judge from the way the bed shook.

"Oh, I can't describe them. They were reeling in the seat, and were so red in the face they looked as if they were going to have a fit of apoplexy. I could see they were keeping from laughing only by the most heroic efforts. The Dean tripped up and got his black valise, the expressman handing it to him as gingerly as if it were a keg of dynamite. The Dean walked away with it, and as he was passing us he happened to hit it against a trunk. Disastrous move. There issued from that bag a wail fit to make your hair rise. The Dean stopped short, and looked askance at the grip in his hand, and naturally everybody else looked around in surprise. There was a second's silence, then clear and strong there came another caterwaul from the valise, louder than before. The Dean stood rooted to the spot, and his face flushed an ugly purple. The

people round about began to swap glances, and there was considerable sniggering in the background. As for Mark, an expression of cherubic innocence and mild wonder was playing over his face. Now I guess Tommy's nerves had been about fretted to fiddle-strings by his ride to the station; for now, finding his plaintive appeals unanswered, he took to howling as if his heart would break, and trying to scratch his way out. You could hear the cloth rip in the satchel. The Dean turned all the colors of the rainbow now. It must have been agonizing for him to listen to that dress suit going to rags and tatters under the claws of that furious cat, and if it hadn't been for such a large and appreciative audience, he would probably have said something appropriate to the occasion. About this time one of the expressmen couldn't hold in any longer, and he burst out into a sort of convulsive snort, and that brought down the house. Laugh? You never heard anything like it. They roared and howled and slapped their thighs, and the tears rolled down their cheeks in rivulets. The fat old station master split his coat up the back in the middle of his ecstasies, and when the train came in it nearly ran down a couple of dozen or so who were wallowing on the platform, weak with mirth."

"The Dean didn't take that train. No! He jumped into a cab and was driven back to the college in a furious rage. And he tried his level best, during the remainder of the school year, to find out who put that cat in his valise, but he never arrived. First, he tried to get the expressmen bounced, but they swore they knew nothing about it. Then he suspected Vanrenen, and he made it exceedingly warm for him, but Vanrenen protested his innocence so strongly that the Dean was forced to believe. Then he was reduced to ransacking the college for likely culprits, and dragging them into his sanctum and interrogating them, until finally one of the fellows he was exercising wrote home about it to his father, and his father sent a scorcher of a letter to Prexy. So Prexy interfered and made him quit. But he never got over it, and he was always suspecting you of laughing at him. He left the college at the end of the year and never returned. On the whole, it was a good thing for Mark, too. Although the Dean didn't tackle him, strange to say, yet he got a pretty good scare, because if he had been found out he would have been bounced instantar. He quit practical joking from that day. Tommy? Oh, he turned up two or three days after, a little the worse for wear, but still good enough for every-day use. But he never was friends with Mark again; he used to skip out whenever he saw Mark coming."

Maxwell sat up and wiped his streaming eyes. Then he looked at his watch. "Whew! Half past eleven! Come along, Fred. We'll have to hurry if we want to see the Dean. So long, Carroll."

As they passed out Carroll whispered to Smith: "I beg your pardon for being so rude when you came in. I—I—"

"That's all right," said Smith, laughing.

AT SUNDOWN.



First Prize Poem.

BY

BERNARD L. RICE, '01.

Another day is done ;
And far and wide across our vale
The dying glory of the sun
Shoots bars of silver, gold and pale,
And purple-hued rich clouds enfold
In royal garb the King of Day,
And cross the glen and mountain old
Huge shadows stretch and sweep away—
And mount and shadow bring to me
The sunset of a century.

Another day is almost done ;
Since broke the humble light of morn,
When rose in mist the yellow sun.
How grand his course has been ! High borne
On wings of flame, a kingly way,
Though darkened by the storm cloud's burst,
Yet riding on through summer day
He rests at last in gold immersed ;
And evening glories bring to me
The sunset of a century.

A century is almost done,
An eventide is drawing nigh ;
The shadows of great deeds begun
In by-gone days now cleaving high
The vault of heaven, sweep afar,
O'er land and wave, a nation wide,
O'ercasting pygmy deeds of yore,
Vast giants by their maker's side.
O, can this master painting be
The sunset of a century?

A century—a little day
In all the great broad sweep of years
That stretch into eternity:
The morn was filled with blood and tears,
The noon-tide felt the battle's heat,
The evening hour crept on in pain,
Still racked by ceaseless tramp of feet,
Still mourning for the thousands slain.
O, can this scene of carnage be
The sunset of a century?

A hundred years of toil and pain,
A hundred years of victory.
Despite the lust for gathered gain,
Despite the sin that bound the free,
The soul of man that cycles slept
Awoke, and grandly learned to plod,
Laid hold the prize for manhood kept
And held communion with his God.
Can human frailness worthy be
Of such a mighty century?

A century is almost done;
Still rules the hand of Destiny,
Still sweep the months and ages on
To join the centuries to be.
When twilight closes o'er the scene
There rises from the hearts of men
A prayer that night may intervene
To rest and gird themselves again.
Another morn is yet to be—
The dawning of a century.

CHASED BY A BULL.



BY

ETHEL P. VAN WAGENEN, '01.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

This exclamation, uttered in frenzied tones of despair, burst from the throat of a tall, literary-looking college girl. She was sitting alone in her own room, and bent dejectedly over her desk, on which were scattered a great number of papers, some carelessly written, others scratched over with angry looking pencil marks, and still others torn up and cast violently aside. With a loud groan the unhappy girl clutched her already disordered hair, and gave it a jerk with both hands, as if she thought to get an inspiration thereby.

"How can they expect me to describe the 'sensations felt in a moment of imminent peril' when I have never felt them myself," she moaned. "Here I have been at it for three hours, and it still sounds as flat as a pancake. Why does Prof. ——— make us write on such a foolish theme anyway?" Another convulsive jerk of the hair, and a moment of solemn deliberation ensued. Then she sprang up as if struck by a new idea, exclaiming resolutely:

"I'll do it."

She hurriedly smoothed down her hair, put on a small cap and a red jacket which was hanging over the back of her chair. She hurried out of her room, ran through the long corridor, down the stairs and out into the open air. The recitation bell had just rung, and the students were passing from building to building across the campus, some laughing and chatting, others absorbed in their books. One or two girls looked curiously at the tall girl in the bright red jacket, who came out of Ticknor Hall, mounted a wheel and rode away in great haste. They called after her to know where she was going, but she did not heed them. Her face bore an abstracted and serious expression. In half a minute she had disappeared around the corner, and was speeding northward along Cascade Avenue. The road was sandy and sprinkled with yellow autumn leaves that had been blown down by the continuous winds. A glorious deep blue sky and a fresh breeze added to the beauty of the morning, but our friend, regardless of it all, sped on. After riding several blocks she turned off Cascade and rode directly east. In a few minutes she had reached the border of the town. Ahead of her the gray prairie stretched out for several miles, and

A century—a little day
In all the great broad sweep of years
That stretch into eternity:
The morn was filled with blood and tears,
The noon-tide felt the battle's heat,
The evening hour crept on in pain,
Still racked by ceaseless tramp of feet,
Still mourning for the thousands slain.
O, can this scene of carnage be
The sunset of a century?

A hundred years of toil and pain,
A hundred years of victory.
Despite the lust for gathered gain,
Despite the sin that bound the free,
The soul of man that cycles slept
Awoke, and grandly learned to plot,
Laid hold the prize for manhood kept
And held communion with his God.
Can human frailness worthy be
Of such a mighty century?

A century is almost done;
Still rules the hand of Destiny,
Still sweep the months and ages on
To join the centuries to be.
When twilight closes o'er the scene
There rises from the hearts of men
A prayer that night may intervene
To rest and gird themselves again.
Another morn is yet to be—
The dawning of a century.

CHASED BY A BULL.



BY

ETHEL P. VAN WAGENEN, '01.

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sloped up gradually to a range of low, flat hills, called Austin's Bluffs. A half an hour's hard riding brought her to the foot of these odd looking hills. The road turned and went around the base of the cliff. Just at the turning of the road there was a large red-stone house standing up there all alone in a lordly fashion. The girl, quite out of breath with the steep ascent, dismounted and stood admiring the large round tower and spacious porch of this country mansion. Behind it rose cliffs of white rock, streaked gray and yellow, and riddled with queer bullet-like holes, reminding one of the battered walls of an ancient fort. On turning toward the west, she had a view of the country for many miles. The prairie, a carpet of rich brown and yellow colors, sloped down to the town, which, partly hidden by a thin veil of smoke, extended westward to the mesas; the latter formed a long straight line across the base of the mountains. Towering above all the hills was the old, bald Peak; and down to the south was Cheyenne, the strange headless dragon, with his prickly back outlined against the sky, and his long tail curving far out on the plains.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed the girl, and then added with a sigh, "But this is not lonely enough for my purpose."

She mounted and rode on again. All signs of human life were gradually left behind. Some dark clouds at that moment passed across the sun and cast an ominous shadow over the cliffs, which seemed now to be fairly frowning down upon her. A chilly breeze blew into her face and made a moaning sound through the pine trees on the hillside. She shivered. "I ought to have some kind of an adventure here," she thought. "Robbers and people like that always haunt such places. Why, just the mere sight of a man would scare me stiff, I'm sure. I wish one would appear right now," she added, looking anxiously up and down the road. "It would be sure to give me the 'sensations felt at the moment of imminent peril.' Then I would have the material for my theme, and could get on my wheel and ride away before the robber got here."

A loud crackling noise broke out upon the still air. She jumped and turned around. In her eager search for danger she had overlooked a herd of cows that were quietly grazing near the road. At this instant she caught sight of a good sized bull pushing his way through the fence, which was already badly broken, and had several barbed wires trailing on the ground.

"Oh, my red jacket!" exclaimed the girl in terror. She did not wait to analyze what the sensations she felt at that moment were. There was not even time to pull off the red jacket.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed. She cast a hasty glance about; a man, even a robber, would have been a welcome sight at that moment. There was no time to lose. She faced the wheel around homewards and started to mount. But her foot slipped off the pedal and threw her forward. Crunch!

Crunch! on the ground behind her. That terrible bull was coming! Would she ever get her foot on that confounded pedal? Yes, there it was at last, and gathering all her strength, she made a desperate plunge forward. "Thank Heavens, the wind is at my back, and it is down hill ahead!" she thought, and started off at full speed. But the road was sandy, and she heard or thought she heard the crunching sound just behind her. On and on she sped with loudly beating heart, and red jacket flying out into the air. Just ahead was a deep sandy place. "How shall I ever get through it?" she groaned. A sound as of a foot-fall behind made her jump and tremble with terror. Down into the sandy place flew the wheel—for a minute she seemed to be standing still—and then, one final grand effort and she was out upon the smooth road again, and rode like the wind. A turn in the road—the red-stone house came into sight, and she fell exhausted from the wheel. She looked back up the road; there was not a bull, nor even a cow, in sight.

Twenty minutes later a happy-faced, red-jacketed girl sat down at her desk and calmly wrote a minute description of the "Sensations felt at the moment of imminent peril."

MAIDEN EYES.



With a sidelong glance,
And a merry dance,
Maiden eyes look gleefully at me;
Eyes so merry black,
Impish gleam send back,
Maiden eyes look gleefully at me.

With a mellow glow,
With half "yes," half "no,"
Maiden eyes look tenderly at me;
Eyes so lustrous brown,
Eyelids drooping down,
Maiden eyes look tenderly at me.

With a steady light,
Glistening tears bedight,
Maiden eyes look lovingly at me;
Eyes so softly blue,
Yes, that e'er are true,
Maiden eyes look lovingly at me.

"WILLBE."

INSIGNIA DAY.



In the older and larger educational institutions of the country many of the customs peculiar to each had their origin long ago. But does it follow that the present students are more privileged in following those traditions than the students of years gone by were in making them?

Colorado College is now forming its traditions. Some of them we believe to be unique; such, for instance, as the Hallowe'en Barbecue. Another custom which belongs especially to this college is the observance of Insignia Day.

In some colleges the cap and gown is not worn at all; in others, students of all classes wear it; in Colorado College it is a special prerogative of the Seniors. The first class in this college to adopt it was the class of '95. When, one morning in early Fall, the Seniors, clad in cap and gown, and looking more dignified than ever before, walked solemnly to their places in the front seat in chapel, the students felt that a new and a good custom had been introduced into Colorado College. The class of '96 was not to be outdone by '95; nay, it must even show some of its own originality. The day of donning cap and gown seemed worthy of a name. Latin and Greek dictionaries were searched, but after all it was old Cæsar himself who suggested the happy thought—"insignia"—the very word! On the morning of the eventful day there appeared back of the chapel pulpit the motto, "Dies ad induenda insignia." The class marched in after the other students were seated, and the exercises passed off as usual. In the afternoon the Seniors, in cap and gown, received the Juniors at the home of one of the former.

One new feature after another has been added by succeeding classes, all tending to make the observance of the day more formal. Now the student body rises and stands while the Seniors pass in and take their seats. The Juniors, two years ago, added a pleasing feature to the day's exercises by presenting each Senior with a little gift. Later Junior classes have followed their example and given souvenirs especially pertaining to college days. To the last class of the century belongs the honor of at least two new features.

President Slocum was asked to speak in chapel about the custom, and recognized the day by a short address. When the Seniors entertained the Juniors in the evening, class animosity was buried with proper obsequies, and the last sad rites were performed over its departed spirit.

So that now Insignia Day is a regular college tradition, and it only remains for some future class to fix a date for it and insert it in the college calendar.

WINONA BAILEY, '95.

WHAT HE DID.



BY ADELAIDE ZIMMERMAN.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

TIME:—A glorious morning in the month of October, in the year—well, it is not necessary to know that.

PLACE:—The lawn surrounding Coburn Library. To the west, Pike's Peak raising its lofty, cloud-framed head, seemed like a sentinel, to be guarding the thriving college at its base. Here and there over the green sward were scattered groups of students who had discovered the magic power of Colorado sunshine to dispel the cobwebs from their brains, and to make even the intricacies of Trigonometry or French Grammar clear as its own bright radiance.

CHARACTERS:—A Sophomore lassie fair, and a Junior man, who composed one of these groups. Each was holding an open book, but the conversation of the pair dealt neither with philosophy nor with literature, but with the characteristics of a fellow student.

I.

"O, come, now," the Junior man was saying, "don't you think you are a bit hard on the boy? Tom Ashley is a mighty nice fellow, and I know you would like him if you knew him better."

"Why, I haven't said he wasn't nice," rejoined the girl quickly. "In fact, I think he is decidedly so. There isn't a better looking or a more agreeable man in college; but I like a person to be something more than nice, simply. Why doesn't he *do* something, and make his mark in college?"



"But Tom is a good student; you must admit that. I don't believe he was ever known to actually fail in a recitation."

"O, no;" and the girl's gray eyes flashed scornfully; "he doesn't fail, but he never distinguishes himself for brilliancy, either. I would like him a great deal better if he would flunk once in a while. It takes some courage to do that. What I can't endure is to see a man who has it in him to be at the top, just settle

down into the commonplace. Why doesn't Tom Ashley go in for foot-ball, or

write, or debate, or sing in the glee-club; in short, why doesn't he do something, instead of allowing himself to be a mere nobody, simply for the lack of ambition? If I were a man," and the Sophomore maiden rose and drew her diminutive figure up to its full height, "there wouldn't be a thing that I wouldn't try for, either in scholarship or athletics. If I couldn't succeed in one, I would in another. Mercy! There's the bell, and I haven't been over half of this lesson. How I have preached, too. Don't you think I ought to have a column in the *Tiger* on 'Side Talks with Boys?' A crack foot-ball man like you, though, doesn't need my words of wisdom, so I'm afraid they've all been wasted on the desert air. Goodbye," and laughing merrily, Alice Thornton hurried off to join a group of girls who were crossing the campus.

The Junior man looked after her with a thoughtful air. "She is a splendid girl and a very pretty one," he thought to himself, "but she expects such a terrible lot of a fellow. I don't believe Tom Ashley will ever come up to her ideas, and it's too bad, too, for Tom would rather have her approval than Prexy's himself. I wonder if I can't stir the boy up. He's a good sort of a chap, but, as Miss Thornton says, he doesn't make the most of his abilities. I believe I'll tell him what she said, only I won't let him know we were talking of him especially. 'Talk of angels,' there he goes now, and here is my chance to do a little missionary work." So with a heart full of good intentions, the best half-back in the State set off to overtake a student who was going in the direction of Hagerman Hall.

The young man whom he joined was a well built, medium sized fellow, with a bright, pleasant smile and a face of considerable character. His manner, however, was somewhat languid and decidedly care-free, and he appeared like a person who had never been compelled to exert himself, but had always had life made easy for him.

Half an hour later when Tom Ashley went up to his room there was a serious look in his eyes which remained there all day. That night he made this little entry in his diary: "Had a long talk with Ben Samson this morning, and he gave me quite an account of a conversation Miss Thornton and he had been having. The old fellow thought he managed it very nicely, but he hasn't any more tact than a burro, and I could see with half an eye that I had been the subject of their talk, and Ben, in the goodness of his heart, thought he would give me a few hints without appearing to. It seems Miss T. doesn't like me, because I'm not more active in college life, and that she has no use for a man who doesn't become prominent in some line or other. I've been thinking about it since and have come to the conclusion that I have been lazy, or indifferent—which I suppose is just as bad. So here's for turning over a new leaf, and to-morrow will see me, attired in the picturesque costume of a foot-ball man, practicing with the scrub team. And if I don't do something to make her change her opinion of me before the year is out, my name is not Thomas Mortimer Ashley, Jr."

II.

It was a keen, crispy day in November.

THE SCENE:—A foot-ball game on Washburn Field. Old Pike's Peak, no longer bare and brown, was glistening with its cap of snow; and in its glorious beauty seemed to encourage the sturdy boys of Colorado College to be worthy of their majestic mascot.

The grandstand was crowded, jammed, packed with a yelling, screaming, flag-waving mass of people. Numerous pretty girls, with black and yellow streamers almost as long as themselves, never thought of wind-blown locks or tingling fingers, so engrossed were they in following every move of the game and in lending their voices to the yells of "Pike's Peak or Bust," "With a vevo," "Tigers! Tigers!" and many others.

On the opposite side of the field was a smaller, but equally enthusiastic crowd of rooters for the rival team. It was the closest game of the year, the two teams seeming to be almost perfectly matched. By the hardest kind of work the Tigers had succeeded in making a touchdown, and at the end of the first half the score stood five to o in favor of Colorado College. This advantage, however, was offset by the fact that one of the best players had been hurt; and the face of every college sympathizer showed his anxiety for the outcome.

Tom Ashley was talking with one of the other subs when some one came running towards him. "Ashley. I say, Ashley. Hurry up here. The Cap's going to put you on the team." For one moment Tom thought his heart would stop beating; the next he was running to join the team, with a do or die expression on his face which Alice Thornton, who was an eager spectator on the side lines, thought she would never forget.

Every man went into the second half of that game with set teeth and the determination to play as he had never played before; but he soon discovered that every man on the opposing team evidently had the same purpose. Tom Ashley fought like a veritable tiger, and the cry of "What's the matter with Ashley? He's all right," was borne out to him many a time from the grandstand. One little girl, with gray eyes shining with excitement, watched his every play, and bitterly repented some remarks she had made a few weeks previous. But Tom, himself, was not satisfied. He knew he was much lighter than the man he had replaced and realized keenly that he was not capable of doing as effective work. Though he was in every play, he was hurt but once, and then, as soon as his wrenched ankle had been rubbed a little, he was up and in his place again.

The stubbornly fought contest continued with no gain on either side until finally, with but two minutes to play, the rival team had the ball on the college ten yard line. Could they make the goal? "Hold 'em, Tigers, hold 'em," came the hoarse cry from the wearers of the black and gold. With strain-

ing eyes and bated breath each one was watching the splendid defense of the college team.

Suddenly every man, woman and child on the grandstand rose as one person; and a mighty shout went up from a thousand throats. A college man with the ball tucked under his arm, had broken away from the bunch of players. Quickly dodging, turning, evading, he escaped the clutches of his opponents and out-distanced them all. On, on he flew, while shrieks and howls of "Got it on a fumble." "Good boy, Tommy!" "Go it, Tommy!" followed him as he ran. He had reached the opponent's twenty yard line, the fifteen yard line and then, with one treacherous turn, his injured ankle threw him to the ground and in a moment his pursuers were upon him. Instantly the yells of joy were changed to a groan of dismay, and as soon as time was called a sympathetic crowd surrounded Ashley. But Tom had nothing to say, either to words of praise for his wonderful run or expressions of sympathy for its unfortunate ending. He was evidently struggling hard for self-control, and turned to his old friend, the half-back. "Get me out of this Ben," he said in a choking voice.

As soon as the two chums were by themselves in Tom's room, the poor fellow broke down completely. "I don't believe there ever was such an unlucky fellow as I am," he wailed. "Here I had the chance to do the deed of my life and then spoiled it all because of a weak ankle, like some girl."

"O, come, old boy, don't take it so hard," comforted Ben. "We won the game anyway, and you played a magnificent game. You couldn't help the ankle business."

"Of course, I'm awfully glad we got the game," said Tom, "but how much did I do towards it? Any other sub could have done as well. I'll be ashamed to look her in the face," he went on in the same disconsolate tone, "after ruining a good play that way."

"You must be crazy, boy," said Ben. "Don't you know that you are the hero of the hour, even if you didn't score for us. Miss Thornton, if that's the 'her' you refer to, will be only too glad to claim you as a friend after the record you have made to-day."

"O, she will be sorry for me and be nice to me, of course, but I don't want her pity. I want her to respect me and own up that I do amount to something."

"You'll feel better in the morning," said his friend. "You've got the blues now and can't see any good in heaven or earth."

He did feel better in the morning. How could he help it when every one in college seemed bent on making him out a hero whether he would or no? But when Alice Thornton came up to him with outstretched hand, he turned almost



brusquely away from her congratulations; and Alice, with a flushing face, wondered if he had heard and remembered her, perhaps, too freely spoken opinion of him. She did not know that Tom was saying to himself, "I'll do something yet that won't turn out a fizzle, and then I'll take all the smiles she will give me, but I won't take them out of pity or sympathy."

III.

They made a very pretty picture, did this bevy of college girls, grouped against the massive rocks of one of the most picturesque spots in Cheyenne

Canon. It was a warm day in the following spring, and Alice Thornton and her particular set of girl friends had gone to the mountains for an afternoon of rest and pleasure. Some were making college flags for the next base-ball game; others, stretched out on the warm earth, were drinking in the beauties of Nature in her annual awakening. All were joining in the innocent gossip in which girls delight, or listening to the occasional reading of some poem by their chaperon, a professor's wife. A number of the college boys were coming out in the evening, when every one was expecting a jolly time around the camp fire.

Alice Thornton sat perched upon a rock above the other girls. Now and then her eyes seemed to grow darker as she listened to some beautiful thought in verse, and occasionally she joined in the conversation; but after a while she grew very quiet, and with elbows on her knees and chin resting in her hands, sat looking off into space, apparently oblivious of those around her. One of the girls finally noticed this and called out in a teasing voice, "What's the matter, Alice? Got the vapors, or did that last love poem make you think of someone?" Alice came out of her trance with a start and a blush, and jumping quickly to the ground exclaimed, "Neither; but I'm getting awfully stupid sitting still so long. I believe I need some exercise. Who will take a climb with me up to that high point? There were lots of anemones there last year."

"O, Alice," remonstrated one girl who was lying with her head pillowed on a friend's lap, "what a painfully ambitious girl you are! I think it is perfectly glorious just to lie here and do nothing." "So do I," echoed several others.

"O, well, you needn't go," said Alice. "You all look so comfortable it would be cruel to tear you away, and I can go alone as well as not. But I must have some anemones for my wild flower book, and I feel the need of an inspiration for my English essay, and perhaps can get it up on the heights."

"But you will be very careful and come back soon?" questioned the professor's wife, anxiously. "It will be dark before long, and the boys will be here."

"O, yes; I'll come right back," said Alice, "and you mustn't worry about me, because I'm an expert mountain climber." So, as Alice was known to be fond of taking tramps by herself occasionally, they let her go.

The minutes flew by very quickly, and almost before anyone realized it, the sun had set behind the mountains and dusk was settling down over the canon.

"It is getting cooler," said the chaperon, "and I think you girls had better get up and put on your wraps. We might begin to open up the lunch boxes, too, so we can have supper as soon as the boys come and build the fire."

"Why, Alice hasn't come back yet," exclaimed one girl. "Hadn't we better call her? Let's give our own yell, and if she hears us she will be sure to answer. Now all together. 'Whoo-ee, whoo-ee, whoo-ee,'" resounded the call in a girlish treble through the canon. "There! I thought I heard her, didn't you?" said one. But no one else had heard a reply, so again they gave the cry, "Whoo-ee, Alice, Alice, whoo-ee!" This time several thought they heard a faint response from a point opposite. "She is all right and will be back in a little while," they said and began preparations for supper.

In a few minutes a loud yell of "Pike's Peak or bust" echoed through the canon and the girls stopped their work to welcome a group of laughing college boys who were coming up the road. For a time all was confusion—everyone talking and laughing at once—but as soon as the boys learned that the only thing detaining the supper was a fire with which to make the coffee, they hurried off to collect fuel, and soon the dry wood was crackling and the water bubbling merrily over the flames.

The Professor's wife had been down by the road looking anxiously in all directions. She returned now and joined the laughing group around the fire. "Girls," she said, "we must do something about Miss Thornton. She surely would have been here by this time if she had started when we called, and it is getting so dark I am worried about her."

Instantly the gaiety ceased and the girls turned and looked at each other with anxious eyes. The trouble was soon explained to the young men, and when they heard that Alice had left a half hour or more before sundown, they became serious too.

"She is all right, doubtless," said Ben Samson, encouragingly, "but still, I think some of us boys had better look her up."

"Ben and I will go," said Tom Ashley. "The rest of you can go on with the supper, and we will probably be back with her safe and sound in a short time."

"Hadh'n't the rest of us fellows better go too?" asked another.

"O, no; two is enough; but if we don't find her pretty soon we will come back after you."

Tom spoke carelessly, but when he and Ben had left the party his face became very grave. "I'm afraid this is serious business, Ben," he said. "There are some terribly treacherous places over on that point and she never ought to have gone alone."

"We will hope for the best, anyway," replied Ben. "Perhaps she has lost the trail, and if we yell she can trace us by our voices."

The two young men crossed by the stepping stones over the little mountain stream which runs through the canon, and began the ascent of the opposite side. For some distance there was a clearly marked trail, but this was soon lost and the two searchers separated, one going to the right, the other to the left. They were careful to keep within hailing distance of each other, and stopped frequently to call at the top of their voices. But no answering cry came to them over the still air, and the hearts of the waiting party below grew heavier and heavier as the continued halloos of the young men told them that the search was unrewarded.

Ben and Tom, after a last hard scramble up a steep incline, reached the summit and came together for a consultation. "I'm afraid she is hurt somewhere, Ben, and can't answer us," said Tom. "That is what I have been thinking," said Ben, "but it is so dark now we couldn't see her anyway. We must keep on searching just the same. I wonder if she might not have started for some other place." Looking wildly around in his despair, Tom's eye fell upon a high rocky point about a quarter of a mile to the north, and with a sudden flash of recollection, he remembered having once pointed it out to Miss Thornton, and having told her what a magnificent view could be gained there.

In a few words he told Ben of this, and the two hurried off, stumbling and slipping on the loose gravel in their haste. On the other side of this spot was an abrupt drop into one of the minor canons that cross and recross the range. Tom's heart sank within him as he thought of this, and it was with a feeling of dread and horror that on reaching the place he leaned cautiously over the jagged rocks which formed the edge. About half way down the flinty sides of this little precipice a narrow ledge of rock projected out some two or three feet. Peering over, Tom thought he could just discern in the deep shadow a dark object lying upon this ledge, and both hoping and dreading to find there the one he sought, he called softly, "Miss Thornton! Alice!"

There was a slight movement, a low sob, and a faint voice broken with joy and relief answered, "Yes, yes, I am here. Oh, I am so glad you have

found me. I had almost given up hope. It has seemed so long, so terribly long."

"Are you hurt?" asked Ben, who at the first word had knelt down beside Tom.

"Not very much," answered Alice, bravely. "I think I have sprained my wrist, it pains so; but I broke my fall some by clinging to that little bush."

"Just have patience a little longer," said Tom, "and we'll get you up here all safe."

The two men held a hurried consultation, and it was decided that Tom should return to the picnic ground, and with one of the other boys, go to the nearest house for lanterns and rope, sending the others, meanwhile, up to the summit. Ben was to stay with Alice and give her what encouragement he could. "You must let me be the one to go," Tom had urged, "for I couldn't stand it to stay here helpless and see her lying there in so much peril. I've got to be doing something." So, after explaining the plan to Alice, Tom set off for his wild rush down the mountain side, little heeding his many falls and bruises. Part way down he met the rest of the party who could stand the suspense no longer, and were coming up to aid in the search. He quickly explained the situation to them, and one of the boys turned back to help him, while the others continued the ascent.

In spite of the boys' haste, to the waiting group on the summit, it seemed an eternity until their return. Alice was the bravest of them all, though the strain of remaining in one position on the perilous ledge was something terrible. Her greatest worry seemed to be that she was causing them all so much anxiety and trouble.

At last, the two boys, panting and almost exhausted by their hurried climb, reached the summit and were received with welcoming cheers by the others. Tom, without waiting for any discussion as to who should be lowered, tied the rope around his waist and told his comrades he was ready. A heavy shawl was laid over the edge of the rock to prevent the rope from being worn, and each man settled back and took a firm hold of the rope, the girls adding their feebler strength at the end.

Slowly, carefully, they lowered the rope, and with a sigh of relief heard Tom's "All right, fellows," as his feet touched the ledge. It was the work of but a few moments to fold a coat around Alice and tie the rope securely over it, and then still more slowly, more carefully, the rope, with its precious burden, was raised again. One of the boys stayed at the edge to lift Alice over, and then many arms were ready to lay her tenderly on the soft earth. Though every heart was full of gratitude, but little was said, for all knew that there was still great danger in trying to raise Tom's far greater weight. The rope was quickly dropped again and in a moment Tom called out, "I'm

ready, boys." Each man took a new and firmer hold, braced himself again, and with set teeth, put his powerful muscles to the task. There was one dreadful moment when, with Tom dangling in mid air, the boys seemed unable to raise him farther; but every man brought out all his reserve strength and in a few moments Tom was at the top, and Ben, with a "Thank God!" which was echoed in every heart, was helping the weary boy over the rocks.

Alice, now that all danger was over, was crying as if her heart would break, but when she saw Tom she put out her uninjured hand, sobbing, "O, how can I ever, ever thank you?"

"I do not want any thanks," said Tom, softly; "only, have I proven at last that I can do something?"

"I knew that you could long ago," replied Alice, smiling through her tears.



I meet her, some times meet her
On the path—in the crowded hall,
I greet her smile and greet her,
She smiles and is gone—that's all.

An instant, an instant only,
I see her—she passes on,
And leaves me standing lonely—
Lonely, for she is gone.

I dream—I am with her in seeming—
'Tis a phantom of the brain,
For I'm with her only in dreaming;
I awake—and she's gone again.

Will it always be? Must it always be?
Shall she pass me, and fleet away?
Oh, cruel fate that in holding me
Away from her life away!

—*From a Note Book.*



CONSISTENCY.

I'll not be here
 Another year,
 The Senior sadly sighed.
 Then hied away from noises gay,
 And sat her down and cried.

The mid-year exams were terrific—
 Our profs have grown scientific.
 In cramming they disbelieve soundly,
 But in flunking they believe most profoundly.

Yes, I'll be here
 Another year,
 The Senior sadly sighed.
 Then hied away from Noyes' say,
 And sat her down and cried.

EVA MAY, '00.

O youth, on scholarly attainment bent,
 Whom learning, lamp in hand, doth call
 To leave the world—its gaiety, its business, all—
 Upon thy one great purpose deep intent:
 'Tis easy, when without the wind's chill sweep
 Drives snow and hail's sharp click against thy pane,
 To slumped sit, while blazing embers wane,
 And pour and ponder long o'er classics deep.
 But keep firm grip upon thy purpose then,
 When spring, in all her wiles and lures arrayed,
 Assails thy heart in guise of some sweet maid,
 And draws from laxing hand the book and pen.
 For learning, tho' she have not beauty's charms,
 Has beauty's jealousy; and be most sure
 Will not thy wooing's sham for long endure,
 Her chill embraces left for softer arms.

H. McL., '01.

A SONNET.

Oft as I tread the dusty campus o'er,
 Mine eyes do love to journey toward the west,
 On nestling foot-hills first they find sweet rest

Before to steep and jagged peaks they soar.
In thought I hear the sparkling waters pour,
I seem to feel cool vales in verdure drest,
As upward wanders still my gaze in quest
Of that fair summit, clear and pure and hoar.
E'en so, at times, my soul doth take to flight.
In earthly scenes it cannot ever hide;
On gentle hills of peace it will abide
And listen to the voice of faith and light.
Then on to realms my soul doth gladly glide,
Crowned with God's love, thrice pure and spotless white.
EVA MAY, 'CO.

RECIPE FOR AN ESSAY.



The following recipe for an essay may be of use to members of Prof. Parsons' English classes; if followed accurately, much spasmodic brain fever on the part of the students, and many headaches on the part of Prof. Parsons, would be avoided:

Ingredients:—2 ideas (one will answer).
1 thought.
1 cup of ink.
2 reams of paper.
1 teaspoonful of punctuation.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Bartlett's quotations.

To one idea add another (if the second is to be had, if not, dilute the first). Stir vigorously; set near Century Dictionary to rise. Prepare a regular mess of pads, pens, pencils, erasers and ink. By this time the ideas, or idea, will have evaporated. Secure others and treat as before. Then put in the punctuation—a point at a time—until the mixture begins to look clear. Take a reliable thought from the last *Outlook*, or *Review of Reviews*. Beat the idea and the expression separately, and add. If the essay begins to curdle (your blood) put in a dash of wit. To remove all "fine writing," strain through Scott and Denney's "Rhetoric and Composition."

Then spread out thin on paper, taking care not to break the continuity. Place in a pigeon-hole until you happen to think of it again. Beat once more thoroughly. Season to taste with Bartlett's Quotations and set aside to cool. When quite cold, cut up into paragraphs to test the progression of the thought. Endeavor also, to discover the original idea. If successful, serve with a simple dressing. No garnishing will be required. This makes a wholesome dish. Follow directions carefully and you will have an essay worthy of an Emerson.

'Twas before the game at Boulder,
Very softly had he told her,
"Oh, thy presence there means
Everything to me."
She, with dark eyes speaking sorrow,
For her absence on the morrow,
Slyly said, "My heart doth always
Beat for thee."

EVA MAY.

A THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION.



The bonfire, which had been the chief feature of the evening's rejoicing, had died down so that only a few red embers remained; the crowds of laughing, singing students had gone home; one by one the lights in the college buildings had gone out, the one by the engine-house shining longest of all. The happiest day the college had known for a long time was over and the old campus seemed quiet at last.

But a little breath of wind from the west rustled the folds of the flag which had hung motionless all evening; and, as if roused by this, just as the town clock struck twelve, a voice from the flag broke the stillness.

"Are you awake, Palmer?"

"Awake? Do you think I can sleep to-night?" the patriarch of the campus answered with indignation. "Leave that to Perkins, over there. He's young, and this day doesn't mean as much to him as to the rest of us. If he had waited for the foot-ball championship as long as I have, he would realize what that bonfire meant."

Aroused by his name, Perkins stirred and asked: "Palmer, did we never win a championship before?"

"A championship?" Well I should say! Ask anyone in the State about base-ball or track athletics. But we never were champions in foot-ball before."

"O, do tell me something about foot-ball. I don't know anything about it, and it must be lovely to understand it," begged a voice from another direction.

The moon showed the last speaker to be an exclusive looking building set back from the others, as though there were danger of its being too conspicuous. Palmer turned and laughed a little as he said:

"I don't believe girls can ever appreciate foot-ball. Haven't we tried and tried to make you understand it? And I've talked over every single game with you, too. Don't you remember that I told you how we used to try to keep

Boulder's score as low as possible? And you surely remember when we beat her first in 98?"

"O," said the Library, "that was when Boulder made arrangements to keep the ball after the game—for her trophy-room—wasn't it?"

The breeze from the west had grown stronger, and the old flag was humming:

"They have learned better at Boulder."

Hagerman, off to the south, gave a deep sigh.

"Wasn't that a night, though? I tell you, Palmer, you can talk all you want to of what you know about foot-ball, and athletics in general; but if you lived here you would realize what it means to be in touch with the college life. When we win, the boys shoot off pistols from my windows so that I've been afraid we'd all be arrested and taken down to the jail; and when we lose, they stay up all night talking it over. Why, do you remember, a year ago, when Golden, or the umpire, or somebody, beat us, some of the Tigers actually cried! Jingo, what hard luck that was!"

"They didn't do much crying to-day," chuckled Coburn.

"Indeed they didn't, if I know what you are talking about; its all I can do to hear what you say way down here," came faintly from the Observatory. "I watched them closely through my telescope all afternoon. I'll bet you I saw the game better than Professor Cajori himself."

Perkins, although he had not been on the campus long, had caught some of the college spirit, and being musical, expressed his enthusiasm in song:

"And now they know better in Golden,
And now they know better in Golden,
And now they know better in Golden
Than to twist the Tiger's tail."

"O, this is so interesting," sighed Miss Ticknor, who had been a most attentive listener, at least ever since Hagerman began to speak. "Tell me more about it, please."

"If my bell could talk, it would tell of all our victories, and that *would* be a story," said Palmer. "But those boys of yours, Hagerman, have made it so hoarse it can hardly utter a sound to-night."

"How glad the neighbors must be," interposed Coburn.

"That isn't the only hoarse voice on the campus to-night," said Hagerman. "The only reason those boys went to sleep at all to-night was that they didn't have voice enough left to whisper."

During this speech Miss Ticknor had been trying to look at Hagerman; but Palmer, who played the part of chaperon, stood in the way, and she gave up the attempt. She had learned that it was useless to combat against the chaperon.

Miss Montgomery, being too youthful to stay awake long, had been quietly sleeping all this time. But as proof that she was not unaffected by the day's

happenings, she stirred in her sleep, and Miss Ticknor, who stood nearest her, declared that she said "Seventeen to n-n-nothing! What bliss!"

"Do you suppose we'll be champions next year, too?" asked Miss Ticknor.

"Next year," was Palmer's determined reply, "we're going to win that cup again, and next year we're going to keep it."

"Just think of the receptions we'll have," exclaimed Miss Ticknor.

Palmer said nothing. He was looking at Hagerman, in the windows of which glowed a faint light.

"What's the matter?"

"O, the boys are getting up to go on their paper routes, and its time for us to go to sleep."

"How horrid!" said Miss Ticknor, "I hate to be made to go to bed."

There was silence until a boy came down the steps of Hagerman and rode off on his bicycle, and another with his hands in his pockets started past the flag-pole across the campus.

"It's surely bed-time," grumbled Coburn.

"Fellows—and ladies, I beg your pardon—" said the flag, "everyone else on the campus has cheered to-day, and we surely aren't the least loyal and enthusiastic friends of the Tigers. Can't we do something to show them we're not?"

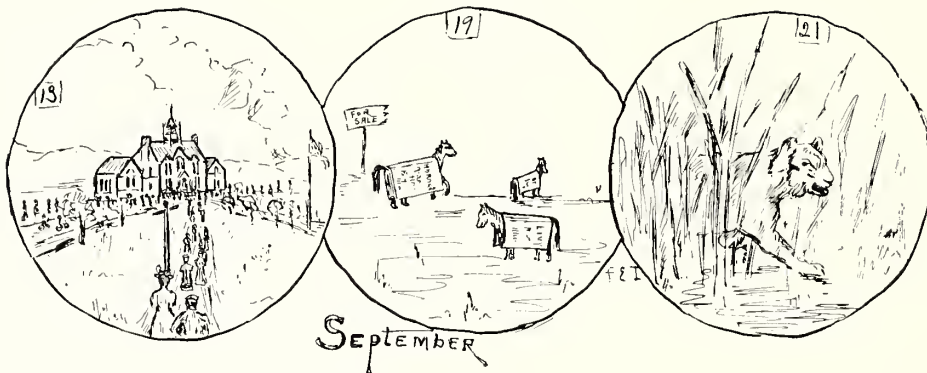
You probably thought that the noise that wakened you was a harder gust of the cold morning wind. But had you listened closely you would have known that it was made by the oldest inhabitants of the campus, who were shouting the familiar words:

"Pike's Peak or bust!
Pike's Peak or bust!
Colorado College,
Yell we must!"



...Calendar...

2222



13—"The oldest institution for higher learning in the West" reopens.

14—Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. receptions—held separately.

15—Enthusiastic society meetings. Goats put out to pasture.

16—Saturday school for the first time.

Opening reception at Coburn Library.

18—Freshmen begin to learn that they are not supposed to sit on the front seats and pass out first from chapel.

19—Sale of fine breed ponies from Latin and Greek stock at the Y. M. C. A. book store.

21—The *Tiger* makes its initial appearance.

22—Lamson is taken for a married man.

23—A slight fracas occurs at the Kinnikinnick between the Freshies and Sophs, in which—according to report—both sides come out ahead.

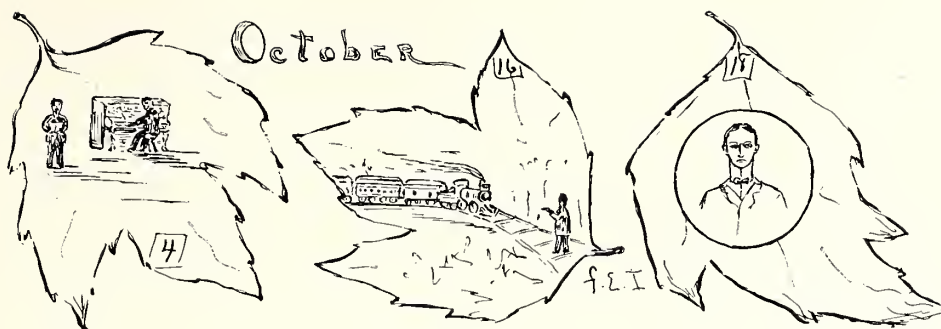
25—Resolution Day. Soph Resolutions; Senior Resolutions; Faculty Resolutions; Student Body Resolutions.

26—Forced loan of pieces of hat, canes, ribbons, etc., made from a body of Freshmen before they enter chapel.

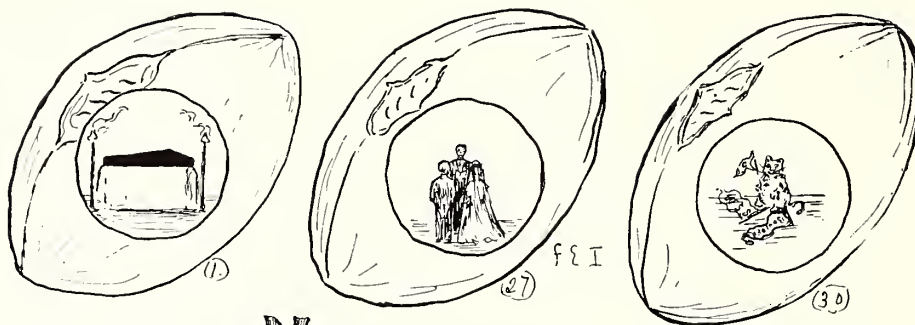
27—Scrap Committee organized—the same immediately "falls to."

28—Prexy chases his hat around the campus.

29—Received of F. Cajori, \$1.00, athletic fee for first half year.

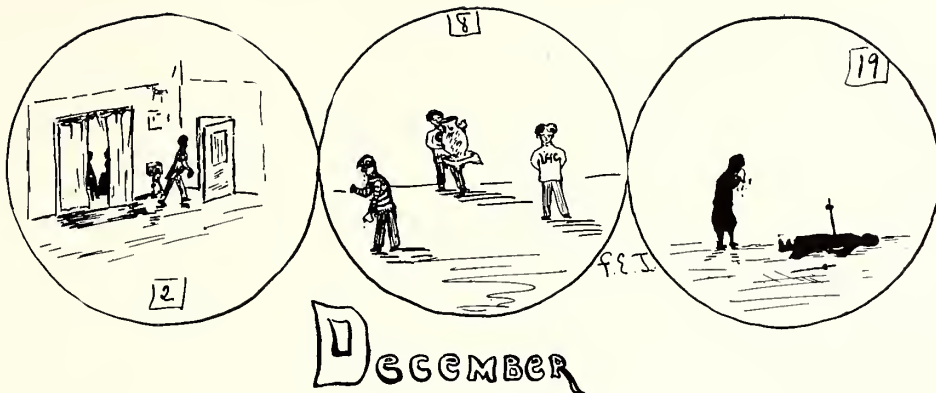


- 3—The Pike's Peak *Nugget* Board holds its first meeting.
- 4—Glee Club has a "melody torture." No deaths reported.
- 6—Initiation Night. The Spanish Inquisition restored.
- 7—Arrival of E. D. H. S. Foot-ball Team. A closely contested game follows.
Score: C. C., 41. E. D. H. S., 0.
- 9—In respect for the memory of Prof. Turnbull, of the High School, recitations were suspended during the morning session.
- 11—Prize contest for the *Annual* opened.
- 12—Prof. Lancaster (exhibiting a sheep's brain):—Now, here is a good specimen of a brain, belonging to a member of last year's class.
- 14—D. A. C. vs. C. C. in Denver. Game forfeited.
- 16—"Prexy" returns after holding up a train for \$60,000.
- 18—Have you saw Wiz?
- 19—Inquiry: How many captains has the C. C. Foot-ball Team?
- 21—D. W. C., 6. C. C., 6. Beef reduced in price.
- 23—Dr. Barnett (in Physics): "I'll go through this explanation first, then I'll go through the small glass tube."
- 25—Rastall goes hunting for brains.
- 26—An epidemic of tonsilitis attacks Ticknor and Montgomery Halls. Quarentine instituted.
- 28—Minerva finds a new place for her meetings.
- 30—"Class Tournament" announced by Scrap Committee. Many blood-curdling contests suggested.
- 31—Snow storm causes postponement of Barbecue. Everybody miserable.

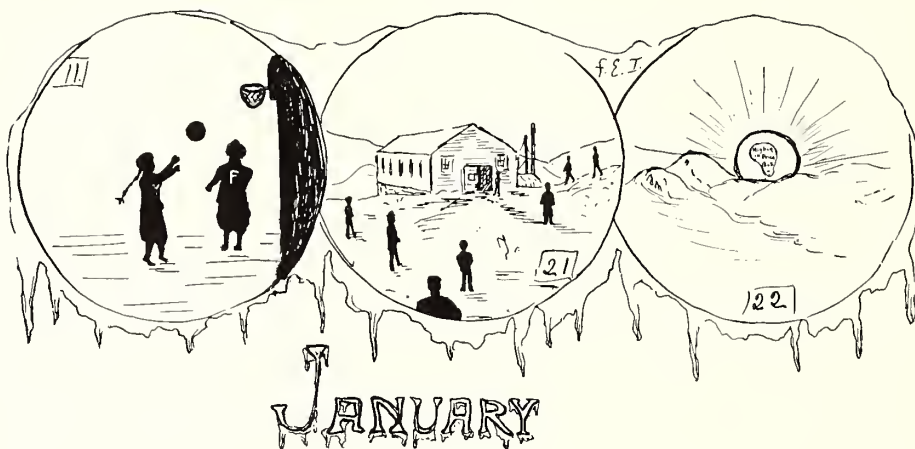


NOVEMBER

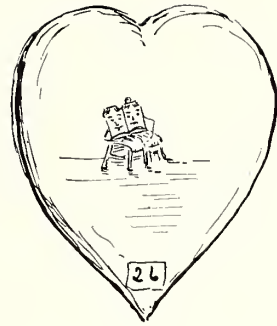
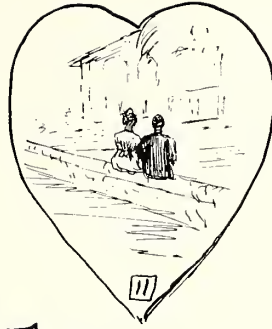
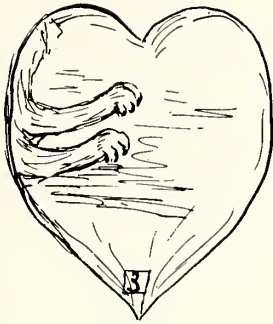
- 1—Insignia Day. Impressive funeral services held at the Insignia Reception.
- 2—The Barbecue.
- 4—C. C., 5; D. W. C., 12. Advance in meat.
- 7—Prof. Brookover orders tramps to the mountains.
- 9—Philadelphian Boarder (asking the blessing)—“Oh, Lord, have mercy on this table.”
- 10—President Slocum gives his second ethical talk.
- 11—All the fellows attended Minerva Farce—in spirit.
- 15—Sophomore-Freshman tournament. Sophs, 6; Freshies, 10.
Grand celebration by the winners and their partisans.
- 16—Philo holds its first meeting.
- 17—Philadelphian Club has its picture taken to advertise the benefits of
College Brown Bread and Molasses.
- 21—Recitation Schedule posted for Boulder Excursion. Promptly confiscated
by Prof. Brehaut for personal reasons.
- 22—Whole college migrates to Boulder, where it causes some consternation.
C. C., 17; Boulder, 5.
- 24—Y. W. C. A. Fair.
- 25—Resulting in many fellows seeking a job on the road to increase their depleted
bank accounts.
- 27—Another C. C. student doubles up for life.
- 29—Beginning of Thanksgiving Recess.
- 30—Golden, 0; C. C., 17. Intercollegiate champions for 1899. And we sing:
“Oh, they have learned better in Golden.”



- 1—Geology class goes to Cripple Creek. No material results.
- 2—Zumstein makes a mistake—runs into a tete-a-tete, but makes a hasty and glorious exit.
- 4—End of Thanksgiving Recess.
Seats are discovered to be entirely unnecessary factors in chapel service.
- 5—Minerva holds a twelve-course dinner. A good, square meal!
- 6—Prof. Parsons cracks a joke on the Boer-English war, but repents too late.
- 8—Presentation of Championship Cup at D. W. C. Smoker.
- 9—Arrival of the jewelry.
Bad weather prevents a foot-ball game between '02 and '03.
Parties take place as scheduled. Juniors entertain Freshmen. Sophs hold a jollification with "Chilly" Frost.
- 11—Professor (lecturing on electricity): "The two conductors must be discharged to prevent their sparking."
- 12—Query: What are exams good for, anyway?
Answer: To make little profs. ask questions.
- 13—Academy maiden—"What clime produced these flowers, John?"
John—"A climb of Bradford's greenhouse after dark."
- 14—Foot-ball team photographed.
- 15—The printers teach McLean to play violin solos.
- 16—Foot-ball Banquet. Prof. Ahlers carries out his "bluff."
- 18—Infirmary open for fresh victims.
- 19—College girls take fencing lessons.
- 20—Christmas Recess begins.
- 22—The "stay heres" commence to receive their "Home Boxes."
- 25—Turkey and the fixings for all.



- 3—Christmas Recess ends.
- 5—Pearsons Society votes: "To allow 15 cents for goat provisions for Mr. Layton."
- 8—Memorial services in honor of Prof. Doudna.
- 11—Basket-ball begins. Yale, 4; Princeton, 2.
- 12—Everyone you meet tries to greet you in Greek. Kai gar—Kai gar—ou—ou. ti, yum, yum.
- 14—President Faunce, of Brown University, addresses students at vespers.
- 15—President Hadley, of Yale, visits college.
- Prof. Walker gives his Pol. Econ. class a cut!!!
- 16—The "Admiral" is stricken with a pestilential disease.
- 18—The plague known as plugging makes its semi-annual appearance.
- 20—Miss Wheeler, being given the choice of two things exactly the same, concludes to take the better.
- 21—Candy sales begin.
- 22—Cross (tragically reading aloud a recent poem)—"The sun his fiery *bacon* head had sunk."
- 23—Oratorical contest. Packard, '02, wins; Sager, '03, second; Rice, '01, third.
- 24—Consternation Day. Examination Schedule posted!
- 25—Day of Prayer. Dr. Bayley, of Denver, delivers the address.
- 26—First chapel exercises in the new Auditorium.
- Apollonian Farce.
- 27—Ticknor has a wonderful serenade.
- 28—Booker Washington speaks before a crowded auditorium.
- 29—Weary looking mortals plot to encounter heartless profs.
- 31—Junior "At Home."



FEBRUARY

- 3—Pause!
- 5—"Say—did you flunk in anything?"
- 6—Rev. Cross comes to look after his "young hopeful."
- 7—Art Exhibit. Staring groups of students visit the art rooms and make valuable comments on the pictures.
- 8—Dedicatory Exercises in the new Auditorium. President Wheeler delivers the address.
- 9—The Greek Play.
- 10—Resuscitation of the heroine and repetition of the play.
- 11—"Coping Days" return.
- 12—Miss Kelly falls prey to the measles.
- 13—Hitchcock comes down with the measles.
- 14—Valentine's Day. Celebrated by all *lovers* of Colorado College.
- 16—State Oratorical Contest in Denver.
- 18—Floyd (in English class)—"The ladies' parts in the early drama were taken by young boys with uncracked voices."
- 20—Prof. Brehaut—"When these two Latin words were contracted, an i (eye) was knocked out."
- 22—Washington's Birthday. Holiday! Picnic Day.
- 23—Pardee takes a snooze in History Class, and on awaking discovers twelve commandments and settles a boundary dispute by a settlement on Long Island.
- 24—Pearsons Society, with the assistance of its lady friends, dedicates its new room.
- 26—Professor (in Perkins)—"Colorado College is such a co-educational institution that even the chairs go in pairs."
- 28—McLean visits the Blind Asylum, and says in reporting: "You just ought to have seen the deaf and dumb girls flirt with me!"



- 1—Dr. Lancaster—"Now, take a man like Queen Victoria, for instance."
- 3—Robertson divests himself of an ornament and tries to look young again.
- 5—Engaged couples granted special privileges by the Librarian.
- 7—"Grandpa" and "Grandma" hold a rough house at Board meeting.
- 8—Bailey loses his Philosophy note-book.
- 9—Hoyne delivers a seminar, but requests "No boquets."
- 10—Lecture on Big Guns of Boers and English—lecturer absent. (See Mar. 12.)
Minerva entertained by Miss Atchinson and Miss Chambers. Serenading
galore. Presentation of the "Owl Killed by a Hawk."
- 11—Griffith, Holt, Hoyne, Mead and Herr ride blind baggage to Palmer Lake.
- 12—Lecture on Big Guns of Boers and English—lecturer present.
- 14—Senior-Soph Masquerade; uninvited Junior and Freshman also present.
- 16—Dickinson recommends the city to get a few more "squirt-carts."
- 17—Freak Party.
Freshmen entertain Juniors at a "stick um" party.
- 23—Preliminary debate.
- 25—Floyd appears with his 17th new tie. Couldn't keep it quiet in chapel.
- 28—Minerva Alumni entertain the "undergraduates" of the society.
- 29—Prexy announces the raising of the \$60,000.
- 30—Glee Club Concert—a howling success.
- 31—Pearsons Tin Can Orchestra serenades Ticknor and Montgomery.



GRINDS

FACULTY FACTS.

NAME.	CHARACTERISTIC.	HOBBY.	AMUSEMENT.	METHOD OF LOCOMOTION.	MOTTO.
Pres. Slocum.....	Halo of hair.....	"Little grass plot"...	Rustling Money.....	Lumber Wagon.....	"Keep off the grass."
Prof. Parsons	"Fetchng smile."....	Organ Seat.....	Catching Cutters	Scorching	"Speak without notes."
Prof. Ahlers.....	Coolness	Raising Cane.....	Basket Ball	Ladies' Sterling.....	"Blessed are the meek."
Miss Loomis	Dignity	"Chaperones!"	"Side Talks with Girls"	Closed Carriage.....	"The Proper Thing."
Prof. Cajori.....	Long Stride.....	Mathematics	Rooting	Stilts	"Work develops the understanding."
Dr. Walker.....	Neckties	Sombreros	Yelling "Fore!"....	Velocipede	"Never cut your pupils."
Prof. Coy.....	Gray Fedora	Yale	Posting Notices	Bronco	"Be calm."
Prof. Brookover....	Hands in Pockets....	Raising Chicks	Dissecting Cats.....	Incubator	"Never let the lamp go out."
Dr. Lancaster	Brains	Bed at 8 o'clock....	Playing Checkers....	Hobby-horse	"Give ear!"
Dean Noyes.....	Treble stop	His Columbia	Fiddling	Ice Wagon.....	"Live and learn."
Prof. Gile.....	Celerity	Greek Pony.....	Walking for a wager	Lightning Express...	"Keep a going."
Prof. Craigin.....	"Chins up!"	Kansas Fossils	Tramps	Seven League Boots..	"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."
Miss Wiggin	"Specs"	"Silence"	Making a noise.....	Tiptoe	"Multum in Parvam."
Miss D. Heizer	"Jack"	Small boys.....	Chaperoning	Dog Cart.....	"The Cupboard is bare."
John D. Clarke.....	Volubility	The Emerald Isle....	Weeping on the side lines	Coaching	"Oh, that's a mean, contemptible, low-lived, sneaking trick."
Miss Gym Barrows..	Her Whistle	Out-door field.....	Spouting on "The Western"	Street Car.....	"Chests up!"
Walter	Overalls	The Boiler.....	Sawing Wood.....	"Hoofing it".....	"Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow."

YE BALLADE OF YE BATTLE OF YE KINNIKINNICK.

Prelude. Ye gentles and ye ladyes fayr, attend untoe my tale;
 Inne verie sooth 'tis one that well may make ye boldest pale.
 Of doughtie deeds I sing toe you, of battle, blood and fight,
 Of valiant acts, more valiant words, and prodigies of flight.

CANTO I.

Prologue concerning ye fewds between ye classes.
 Long years before ye arts of manne hadde nature's strength subdued
 Between ye Soph and Freshye clans there lay a deadlie fewde.
 What was ye origin thereof I will notte stop to state,
 Because of more important things that I must now relate.
 Ye Freshyes be a simple tribe, and peaceful inne ye main,
 But when aroused, 'tis difficult toe calm them down again.
 Ye Sophs, upon ye other hand, a guilefulle race they be,
 Well versed in alle ye artes of warre, and skilled in deviltirie.
 Yet, while ye Sophs in thys respect superior may feel,
 Ye Freshyes oft surpass them both inne numbers and inne zeal.
 And hence inne an affray ofttimes affairs such form doe take,
 That from ye horn's small ende it is ye Sophs their exit make.
 Now, that ye may more knowledge gain of each contending tribe,
 Ye battle of ye Kinnikinnick I here would fain describe.

CANTO II.

Ye sunne retireth for ye night.
 Ye golden sunne hadde gone toe bedde, because, you see, 'twas night.
 Ye modest clouds, alle pink and red, were blushing at ye sight,
 While, with a dull and ponderous crash ye shades of evening fell,
 And loud and clear to every ear rang out ye curfew bell.
 (Ye curfew whistle blew is what I really should have said,
 But such a vulgar line as that would never doe instead.)
 Ye rest of ye weather being omitted, ye tale goeth onne.
 Ye wind it blew from north-north-east, ye sky was clear and black.
 For balance of ye weather's state, consult ye almanack.
 From Castle Kinnikinnick that eve shot forth broad bands of light
 That far and wide onne every side explored ye realms of night.
 Ye Freshyes held a party there, with joy and jollitie,
 And from withinne there came ye dinne of mirth and revelrie.
 No sense of coming danger did their minds with terror fill,
 For joke and jest were atte their best, and no one dreamed of ill.
 Danger cometh.
 Ah! could they with a master have rent ye veil of night,
 Their feeling of security would soon have taken flight,
 Though barred ye windows, locked ye doors. For danger lurked,
 alack!
 Hereditary enemies were hard upon their track.

CANTO III.

Ye subtle Sophs
 For while ye Freshyes revelled and ye wearied burghers slept,
 Ye sly and craftie Sophomores with noiseless footsteppes crept
 Along ye darke and silent streets, and through ye mire and muddle;

approach,
 reconnoitre,
 and discover
 ye postern
 door.
 What ho!
 messenger.
 Ye postern
 door is
 burst.
 Ye wind it howled amid ye trees, ye Sophs they howled for blood.
 They swore to steal ye viands that ye Freshmenne hadde supplied,
 And prowled about with eager eyes toe find a way inside;
 But alle inne vain till they minuter scrutiny applied,
 And inne ye rearward wall atte last a postern gate espied.
 Now rouse ye, Freshyes, for there hangs, impersonate inne these,
 Uponne a thread, above your head, ye sword of Damocles.
 But, ah! ye Freshyes they were lulled inne false security,
 And calmie played "Progressive Catte," whatever that may be,
 When, "crash!" a shock that shook ye walls announced toe them ye
 worst.
 With an impromptu battering-ram ye Sophs ye door had burst,
 And ere a single Freshmanne boy ye shattered door coulde reach,
 At least a score of Sophs, or more, came pouring through ye breach.

CANTO IV.

As when, their native hive assailed, ye swarms of angrie bees
 Rush forth ye insult toe avenge, just so was it with these.
 Ye dogges of warre be sycked onne.
 With one accord ye Freshyes rose, impeding coats cast by,
 And charged uponne ye Sophomores toe smite them hip and thigh.
 Ye Sophomores hadde little while wherein toe pick and choose
 What they shoulde take and what shoulde leave. There was no time
 to lose.
 Ye Sophs snagge ye dishes.
 Now of ye viands they desired they coulde not see ye least,
 But there withinne a basket lay ye dishes for ye feast.
 And fearing lest these dishes might be brokenne inne ye fray,
 Most thoughtfullie they took them uppe and bore them alle away.
 But now on their devoted heads ye maddened Freshyes fell.
 Ye scene of strife that followed next! 'Tis more than tongue can tell.
 An aged and decrepit stove that inne ye corner stood,
 Ye ancient stove kicketh ye bucket.
 And alle ye former ills of life hadde borne with hardihood,
 Was mauled about so grievouslie by ye contending hoste,
 That down inne shattered bits it sank, and so gave up ye ghost.
 And now a strong and grievous scent arose upon ye air.
 Ye Sophs strew aromatick spices.
 Ye Sophomores in order toe give zest toe ye affair
 Hadde with them brought, and alle about with lavish hands did strew
 Rich, fragrant pepper of cayenne, and also CS₂.
 Showing ye effect of Biblical training in Colorado College.
 With one accord they alle did sneeze eftsoons their eyes did fill,
 But none ye less because of thys their hands were active still.
 Ye scrappe waxeth furious
 For each and every one of them did earnestlie believe
 Ye ancient precept that toe give is better than receive.
 And inne ye practice alle did strive superior toe be,
 For each right cheerfullie did give, but took reluctantlie.
 In this fraternal interchange of courtesies, ye boys
 Of both ye clans did zealouslie participate. Ye noise
 Terrifick was, to say ye least. Ye verie earth did quake,
 And e'en ye starrie firmament did toe its center shake.
 And atte ye sounde, for blocks arounde, ye startled burghers woke,
 and alarmeth ye burghers.
 And raising each his window high, untoe his neighbor spoke:

Where is ye murder taking place? What dreadfule sounds are these
That inne ye watches of ye night are borne uponne ye breeze?"

CANTO V.

Ye prof. appeareth	Ye deities of battle, to whom we humblie yield, Gods of ye gorie cane-rushe and ye stricken foot-ball field, Say, are ye gluttred now with strife and sated with ye fray, Or must ye bitter conflict be perpetuate for ay? Not so! For on a suddenne, like a godde from ye machine A bluff and burly prof. appears uponne ye tragick scene, Who inne his sinewy hand doth hold a strong and sturdie stick, As long as is his brawnie arm, and e'en amost as thick,
and waxeth wroth	And who, aghast and angered too atte what his eyes perceive, Shouts franticallie and vainlie for ye Sophomores to leave. "Hence, villains, hence! Vile caitiffs, git! Vamoose ye ranch," he cries,
and pro- ceedeth to raise cane.	And with ye stick proceeds atte once his words toe emphasize. With might and main he used his cane uponne ye crowded presse, And manie a back was blue and blacke because of that caress.
J. J. Jeffries, please take notice hereabouts.	But as with wantonne arms these favors here and there he spent, There was a crash, and inne a flash ye cane in splinters went. But nothing daunted soone ye prof. another stick produced, And once again uponne ye Sophs his mighty arm was loosed, And thumped away without delay, and spared nor back nor head, Till from those blows that felle like hail ye Sophs in terror fledde.
Ye Sophs hit ye turn-pike.	Aye, through ye shattered door they fledde, as leaves before ye wind, But like avenging destiny ye prof. he came behind. And after him ye eager Freshyes pressed to ye attack, But their impulsive course he stayed with "Back, ye Freshyes, back!" Then toe ye fleeing Sophs he spake inne tones toe chille ones blood:
Ye prof. prophecyeth.	"Ye Sophomores shalle rue this day, or els my name be mudde!" Ye shuddering trees, ye awe-struck plains, ye mountains and ye floode, All echoed backe ye awfule words, "or els my name be mudde!" * * * * *
Ye Sophs retire.	Ye door be closed, again withinne began ye merrie rout, But grimme and fell, as sentinel, ye prof. he stooode without. Ye Sophs, although disconsolate and sore, still lingered nigh, But they ye prof.'s stern glances shunned, they coulde notte meet his eye, And as ye night wore onne apace, ye moon its radiance shedde, By ones and twos they slipped away, and hied them off toe bedde.

L'ENVOI.

In which it is shown that ye prof. never gets left.	What is ye moral of thys tale is more than I can tell. If ye woulde know, consult ye Dean. But thys I wot full well: Ye Freshyes kept ye ice-cream, and therein much joy did take, And ye Sophs they took ye dishes, but ye prof., he took ye cake. Soc Et Tuum.
--	--

WHY DIDN'T?

The Sophs get anything but dishes at the Kinnikinnick?
Floyd go to the foot-ball banquet in a carriage?
Minerva hold her function at the Alta Vista?
Miss May go on the excursion to Boulder?
Chapman get his fudges?
The Freshmen give the Juniors a *Valentine* Party?
Cross go to the Apollonian Farce?
The Barbecue come off on Hallowe'en night?
The Junior English Class escape through the back door?
Everybody believe the owl-story?
That lady hold up her skirts more daintily at the Minerva Farce?



WHY DID?

Lillian Johnson want her "quarter back?"
Dickinson get a new hat?
Moore go without his supper after the tournament?
Collins leave his cards at the wrong house?
The Library look so bare after the Ethical Talk?
Prof. Brehaut fail to make connections with his Soph Greek Class?
Miss Gashwiler jump up on the window-sill?
Fritz go home after his necktie one Saturday eve?
Some of the Hall fellows have an appointment with Prof. Parsons after
the Glee Club Concert?
Browning borrow some car-fares on the night of the Preliminary Debate?
Miss Bradshaw hail an express wagon?



THE GROWTH OF AN IDEA.

Some asked me where they put the seed:
"The best place in the land;
In *Freshie's* breast there is no weed,
'Tis soft soil, with no *sand*."
Some asked me whence the winds do rise;
To Sophs I bade them go.
"Just stand and look with bulging eyes
And hear them spout and blow."
Some asked me where the rivers run
And whence does come the rain:
"The Juniors have," I said, "a ton
Of water on the brain."
One asked me whence does come the light
That shown at night and noon:
"The Seniors grand are far more bright
Than sun and stars and moon."
Thus with the sun, wind, water, rain,
And dig and prod about,
The student raises in his brain
An intellectual sprout.

WILLBE.

FROM A PHILOSOPHY NOTE-BOOK.

INTRODUCTION.

This poem was written in gas meter—blankety-blank verse. The author took out a poet's license, but it ran out on the third line, and he has been using a different *lie since*. Critics are not agreed as to whether this poem is epic, lyric or dyspeptic; it is didactic in style and dyed blue in color, each verse being 6 feet 4 inches in its sox.

I.

First Thales who thought that everything's water.
Anaximander taught that the base of all matter
Was a principle, "archa," he called its name,
But he thought 'twas material stuff just the same.
Next came Pythagoras, a very nice man,
With the idea that numbers expressed the world's plan.
Of the Eleatics the chief men were these:
Zeno, Zenophanes, Parmenides.
They said that Achilles can't win the race
Because of the infinite division of space.
Heraclites, Empedocles now came along,
On flux the first was especially strong.
Empedocles thought from the day of his birth,
That the world was all air, fire, water and earth;
The Atomists next, if you must make a bluff,
Their name shows us their belief quite well enough.
Leucippus, of whom very little we find,
And Democritus, really a very great mind.
And now Anaxagoras, who taught of the "neus,"
A brand new conception, as sure as the deuce.
The Sophists, whose influence was awfully bad;
And these are all of the men we have had.
P. S.
I forgot Anaximenes, which hardly seems fair,
He believed that all substance was made out of air!!

II.

Old Socrates was an ugly man,
With a big flat nose and bulging eyes;
His face warn't built on a very good plan,
And yet he was awfully wise.
He walked around on his big bare feet,
And talked to slaves and working men,
To show that whenever the truth we meet,
We know and comprehend it then.
He said if a man only knew what was right,
He'd go right away and do it:
(And if you can't read Greek at sight,
There's a translation made by Jewett.)
Poor old Sox was too good for his time,
And the judges condemned him to die,
So he drank his poison with calmness sublime,
And his soul went straight up to the sky.

A. B

EVERY-BODY KNOWS

Uncle Billy
Aunt Billy
Jakey
Fritz
Biker
Hukey
"Gym"
Sissy
Van
Bunny
The Admiral
Cupid
Mac

Mabel Ruth
Zummy
Dryspot
Ham
Baby Bridget
"She"
Misency
Buzz
Chappy
Strieb
Wigly
"Peggy"
Stoly

Bug Eye
Grandpa
Pack
Wiz
Fussganger
Limp
Capt. Palms
Spice
Chilly
Betsy
Windy
Thomp.
"Bobbie"

Cross Patch
Priscilla
The Fossil
Old Maid
Sister Ruth
Shorty
Baby McClintock
Gofer
Irish Stew
Rastus
Granny
Shanty
Lanky



A SOLILOQUY.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a harbinger of health or of dyspepsia,
Bring with thee ghosts from yester's meals, or days before;
Be thy contents unknown or unfathomable
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee mutton,
Spuds, onions, sausage, beef. Oh, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! But tell
Why these pulverized bones, these scraps
Return to haunt us. Why the crafty cook
To whom we sent thee well picked, yester night,
Should send thee forth in this dread guise. What means this,
That thou, reheated, unsought, in strange new form.
Revisit'st thus thy victims, sallow faced,
Making dreams hideous; and we fools unnatural
Partake of thee, risking thus our lives,
To thine unsavory, hidden mystery.
Say—why is this? Wherefore?—But we must eat.
Then * * *

With a dash,
And a crash,
We all fall to
On Hagerman hash!

WILLBE.



Student:—"My grandmother died yesterday, Professor, and I would like to be excused from reciting to-day."

Tender-hearted Professor (nervously):—"Oh, certainly, certainly—but don't let it happen again."

Prof. Lancaster:—"A criminal is generally a case of arrested development."

Philosophy Class.

Just a talking, talking, talking,	Always playing, playing, playing,
Like the wind comes from a bag ;	That there's nothing we don't know ;
Just a chewing, chewing, chewing,	Always shooting, shooting, shooting,
Chewing always on the rag ;	Shooting off our mouth, "by Joe!"



Schedule of Recitations.

Boulder Excursion, Wednesday November 22, 1899.

Pres. Slocum: Lecture—"The Laughing Philosopher".....	Baggage Car.
Dr. Lancaster: Lecture—"Tobacco and Nervousness".....	Smoking Car.
Prof. Parsons: "English Classes".....	Side-door Pullman.
Prof. Craigin: Lecture—"Black Diamonds".....	Coal Car.
Prof. Walker: Lecture—"Railroads".....	Parlor Car.
Prof. Ahlers: Lecture—"Brocken Scene in Faust".....	Fire Box.
Prof. Cajori: Lecture—"Determination of Scores" (Practical Application)	
.....	Sand Box.
Prof. Barnett: Lecture—"Laws of Attraction".....	Male Car.
Prof. Noyes: Office hours from 9 to 12.....	The Whistle.
Dean of Women: (By request).....	At the Throttle.
Prof. Clark: Oration—"What! ho! Messenger!".....	Coach
Prof. Bray-haut: "Horses-E-Pistols".....	Cattle Car.
Walter: Lecture—"Beauties of an Out-door Life".....	Cow Catcher.

Other classes will meet Sunday morning before church.



Prof. (calling roll) :—"Miss Curry"—"Present."
 "Miss Currier"—"Present."
 "Is there no superlative?"



How We Hate to Hear.

"There will be an examination in this course next week."
"Chaperone."
Miss Wiggin's step in the Library.
Prof. Parsons announce an English lesson.
Oratorical rehearsals when we are trying to study.
Hamlin sing bass.
Organ playing during recitations.
Six pianos and two vocalists all going at once when we pass Perkins.
"Now you will serve on this committee, won't you?
Our alarm clocks go off.
Prof. Craigin's Fish Tails.
The ten o'clock bell at Ticknor.
"Term bills are due this week."
"The young ladies of the college and academy will remain a few minutes
after chapel."
That a Prof. has cut.
"Ah! here comes Mr. Cooley."
"When will that *Annual* be out?"

"Owed to the Moon."

(In return for her last quarter, which the author borrowed.)

"Why floats yon moon across the starless sky,
Through clouds of vapor sailing, yet remaineth dry?"
Dry? Thou'rt wrong, the moon *was* dry
And so got *full*, and that is why
She floats so aimless 'mid the clouds,
That fleck the vault on high.
How dost thou know the moon is full, sweet youth?
She seems to walk straight o'er yon rocky ledge.
"Ah, canst thou not by this perceive the truth?
The moon is full, because forsooth,
She hath a jagged edge."

A. B.

Vigilance.

I could write of the numerous joys of existence,
The lives of the great, such as Peter and Paul,
But this I've refused, with becoming persistence,
For what is so charming as Hagerman Hall?
When lights are all out, and a feeling magnetic
Arouses a rough house and causes a fall,
A picture of anger, sublimely pathetic,
Is "Committee on Floors" at Hagerman Hall.
Lo Benny comes forth, wrapped up in a shawl,
A cot bed, made ready, appeases his anger,
And he sprawls at full length in Hagerman Hall.

B. F. M.

BIFF.

He took her dainty little hand,
She let it passive lie,
But raised the other with a swing
And biffed him in the eye.

CHOICE

That man can choose his way
Here in this world below,
Is an easy thing to say,
But hard to prove it so.

LUCKLESS.

'Tis now Prof. Ahlers roams the fields
With gun and barking trowsers,
And finds that when the night comes on
He's only bagged—his trowsers!

JOY

I saw him when he led his class,
His joy was brimming o'er;
I heard him cheer a winning team,
Till he could cheer no more.

I saw him see his sweetheart home,
In richest moonlight—but
I never saw supremest joy
Until he got a *cut*.

NOTICES.

IMPORTANT:—This space was to contain some lovely pictures of the Faculty. For further particulars, inquire of that body.



Search Party.

CROSS LOST! Will you join?

Party will leave Hagerman Hall at 10:30 A. M.

All fellows urged to go.

Bring ropes, buckets, lung protectors, hatchets, whiskey, etc.

Cross left the Hall last night to make a call. Hasn't been seen since 7:15

Friends fear he has perished in the snow.

Searchers must go provided for three (3) days trip.

WANTED:—A second hand apology.—B. L. Rice.

WANTED:—Two or three rooms for light house-keeping.—Collins.

LOST:—Two grips and a tin horn. Finder please forward to McLean at Montrose.

LOST:—A cake of soap in the train robbery.—"Granny."

N. B.—Will the young ladies who swiped our wheels, please return the same to us at their earliest convenience and oblige.—Three Junior Fellows.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN:—*One* young lady's photo. Finder or thief return and receive \$5.00 reward.—G. Guernsey.

WANTED:—A little information about flirtations.—Prof. Brehaut.

LOST:—A small boy named Tiddlewinks, with a high collar and voice. Last seen on N. Cascade on the morning of the big storm, trying to deliver a box of candy. Finder please return to Miss Turk.

WANTED:—A gunny-sack to keep spuds in.—Messrs. L. and J.

WANTED:—An assistant to look after Johnny.—Miss Thompson.

WANTED:—Some glue, to repair a break.—Miss "Chimpanzee" Raynolds.

WANTED:—Some one to select fitting psalms for rainy mornings.—Prof. Parsons.

LOST:—A snake's skin purse containing two cents and a car ticket. Finder please return the cents, which are valued through associations.—Miss Diack.

WANTED:—Cents enough to fill a small vial. R. M. D.

WANTED:—A *soft* snap, by a young man of ability.—Address Par Dee.

WANTED:—Some one to love me.—"Peggy."

N. B.—The *Annual* Board will be pleased to draw diagrams for those who cannot see the points to the jokes in this department.



Oh, Susan was a lovely maid,
And a lover came to woo,
He fell upon his bended knee,
And he proposed to Sue.
He was accepted, but ere long,
He false and faithless grew.
And hence it comes that now 'tis she
That doth propose to sue.

How They are Known.

Packard—By his gentle, booming laugh.
Miss Carter—By her tremendous hat.
Pardee—By his alert, rapid gait.
Miss Bradshaw—By always going as if sent for.
Love—By the pieces of his hats we have.
Miss Kate Kiteley—By her jolly smile.
Sager—By always looking as if he had just stepped out of a band-box.
Miss Beard—By the commotion she makes.
Moores—By his length.
Miss Taylor—By her fur collarette.
Griffith—By the peculiarity of his "wool crop."
Miss Atchinson—By never wearing her Minerva pin.
Wiswall—By the height of his collar.
Miss Steele—By her gorgeous ties.
Browning—By his brevity.
Miss Isham—By her chainless.
Collins—By his "precious" cap.
Miss Sampson—By her relation to the "Sampson that killed Goliath."
Zumstein—By his red Grecian costume.



Pike's Peak, oder brechen!
Pike's Peak, oder brechen!
Kolorado Kollege!
Müssen wir Sprechen!





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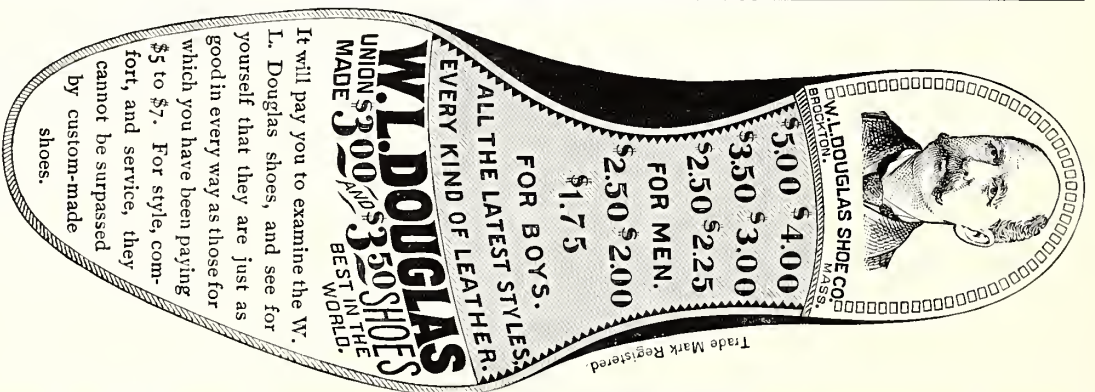
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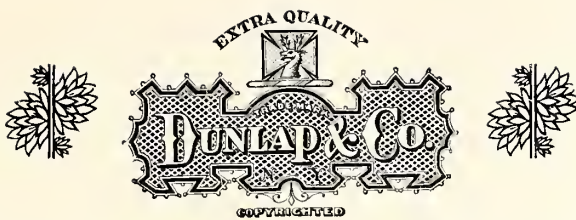
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REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF—
..THE EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK..
—OF—
COLORADO SPRINGS

As Made to the Comptroller of the Currency, Feb. 13th, 1900

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts	\$	768,022.57
Overdrafts		3,268.32
United States Bonds		25,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures		3,500.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer		1,125.00
Bonds and Warrants	\$	222,870.81
Cash and Due from Banks		1,563,725.02
	\$	2,587,511.72

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock	\$	100,000.00
Undivided Profits		39,588.60
Circulation		22,500.00
Deposits		2,425,423.12
	\$	2,587,511.72

OFFICERS:

J. R. McKINNIE, President.	W. R. BARNES, Vice-President
A. G. SHARP, Cashier.	V. C. TALBERT, Asst Cashier

W. S. JACKSON,
President.

C. L. HEMMING,
Vice-Prest.

C. C. HEMMING,
Cashier.

C. W. WHITE,
Asst Cashier.



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The Specimen Gold Mining & Milling Co.	The Silver Gold Mining Co.
The O. K. Gold Mining Co.	The Nugget Gold Mining Co.
The Antelope Gold Mining Co.	The Coriolanus Gold Mining Co.
The Silver State Consolidated Gold Mining Co.	

.. The..

First National Bank

OF COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Capital,	\$	100,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits,					\$	250,000
Deposits,	\$	4,000,000

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

J. A. HAYES,	-	-	-	-	President.
IRVING HOWBERT,	-	-			Vice-President.
A. SUTTON,	-	-	-	-	Cashier.
A. H. HUNT,	-	-	-	-	Ass't Cashier.
JAS F. BURNS.					F. H. MORLEY.
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